

No. 1249

9p

AUS. N.Z. 35c

Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES



RAISE THE ALARM!

SKY-HIGH QUIZ No.7

Five aircraft—two views of each. How many can you identify? They are from World War Two, and to help you they are all drawn exactly to scale. If there are any you can't name, turn to Page 66.

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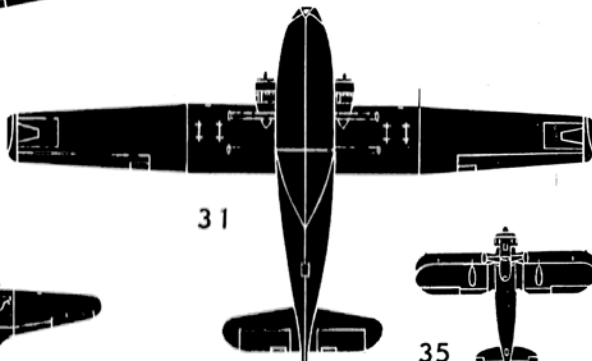
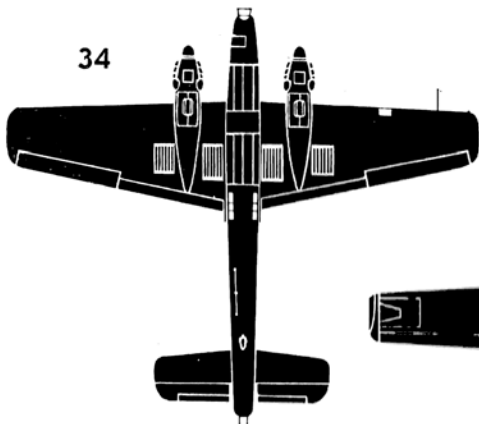
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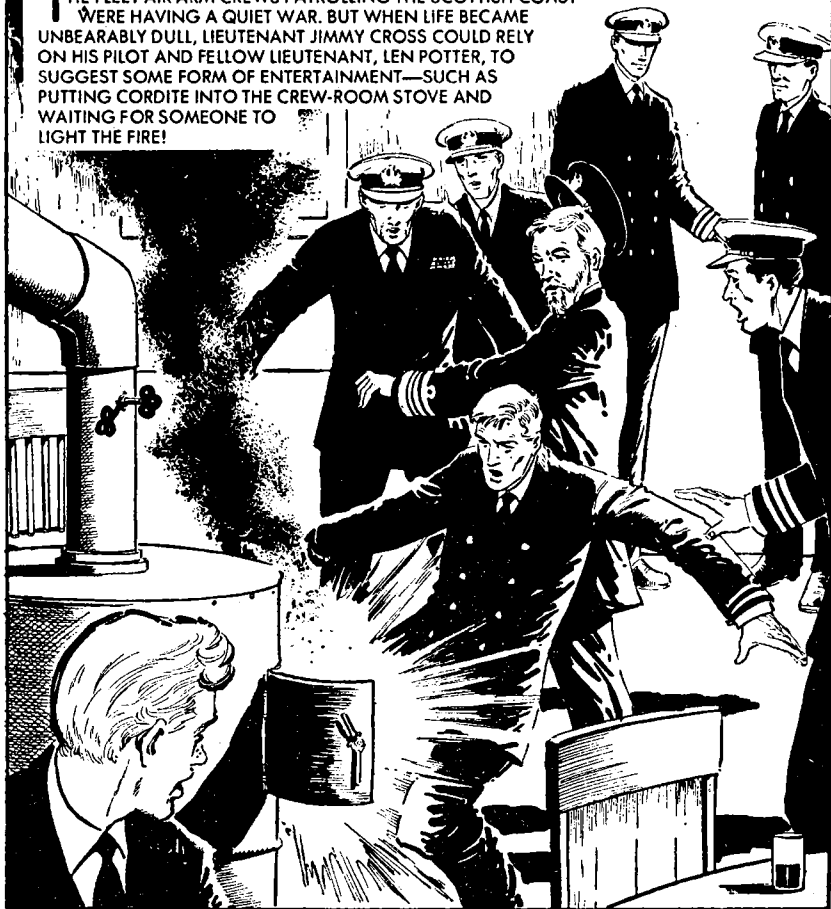
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RAISE THE ALARM!

THE FLEET AIR ARM CREWS PATROLLING THE SCOTTISH COAST WERE HAVING A QUIET WAR. BUT WHEN LIFE BECAME UNBEARABLY DULL, LIEUTENANT JIMMY CROSS COULD RELY ON HIS PILOT AND FELLOW LIEUTENANT, LEN POTTER, TO SUGGEST SOME FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT—SUCH AS PUTTING CORDITE INTO THE CREW-ROOM STOVE AND WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO LIGHT THE FIRE!



THEY WERE NOT TO KNOW THAT ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM POFFLYN WOULD BE MAKING A SURPRISE INSPECTION AND THEIR GUILTY EXPRESSIONS BETRAYED THEM TO THE FURIOUS COMMANDER.



NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, JIMMY WONDERED WHY HE HAD EVER AGREED TO CREW UP WITH LEN. FOR IT SEEMED THAT LEN WAS INCAPABLE OF KEEPING HIS NOSE OUT OF TROUBLE.



THE SQUADRON WAS OFFICIALLY RESTING, BUT THERE WAS NO TIME OFF FOR THE TWO UNFORTUNATE YOUNG OFFICERS.

HEY, AREN'T YOU COMING BOATING WITH US? KEN HAS BORROWED SOMEONE'S OLD TUB AND WE'RE GOING ALONG THE COAST.

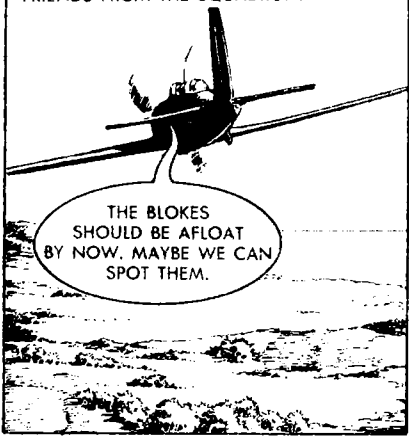
YOU MUST BE JOKING. WE'RE AIR TESTING THE C.O.'S KITE AFTER ITS OVERHAUL.

THE SQUADRON COMMANDER'S SKUA WAS STANDING BY THE HANGARS, HIGHLY POLISHED AFTER ITS OVERHAUL.

I'D BETTER PUT MY GLOVES ON. DON'T WANT TO LEAVE ANY SMUDGES ON THAT LOVELY FINISH.

THE C.O. CARRIES HIS OWN PRIVATE DUSTER, SIR. THE APPLE OF HIS EYE, THAT KITE IS.

THE AIR TEST DID NOT TAKE LONG, AND AFTER HE HAD CHECKED THAT EVERYTHING WAS IN WORKING ORDER, LEN HEADED FOR THE COAST TO TRY AND FIND THEIR FRIENDS FROM THE SQUADRON.




THE BLOKES SHOULD BE AFLOAT BY NOW. MAYBE WE CAN SPOT THEM.

AS THAT PARTICULAR SLURP OF WATER WAS CLOAKED TO CIVILIANS, WHEN JIMMY SPOTTED A BOAT HE WAS SURE THEIR FRIENDS WERE ON IT.



THERE THEY ARE. THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST OPENING THE FIRST CRATE OF BEER!

LEN SAW THE POSH YACHT AND DECIDED TO GIVE THE MEN ON BOARD A BIT OF A SHOCK.

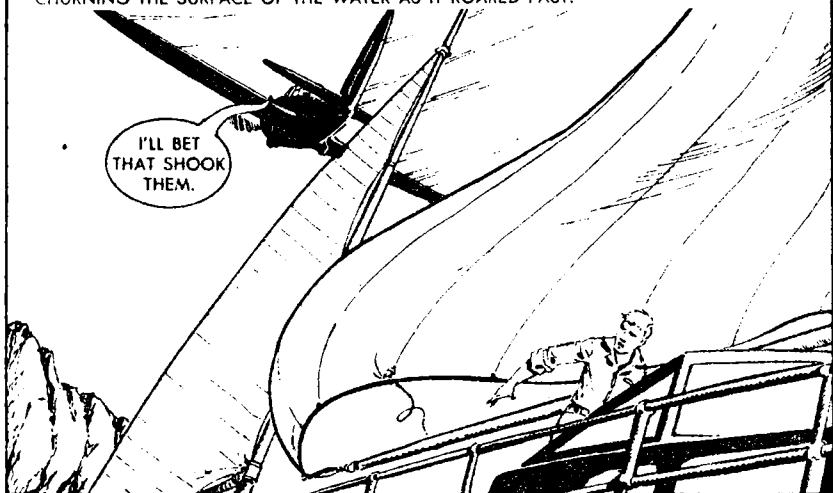


IF THEY'VE BORROWED THAT, THEY MUST HAVE SOME VERY RICH FRIENDS. LET'S SAY HELLO.

WAIT, LEN, ARE YOU SURE IT'S THEM?

BUT LEN IGNORED JIMMY'S DOUBTS. HE OPENED THE THROTTLE AND DIVED STEEPLY TOWARDS THE YACHT.

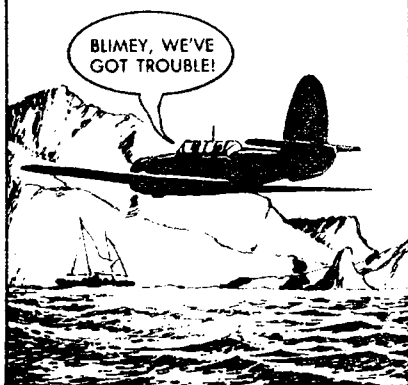
THE SKUA CAME OUT OF ITS DIVE ALMOST AT SEA LEVEL, THE BLAST OF ITS SLIPSTREAM CHURNING THE SURFACE OF THE WATER AS IT ROARED PAST.



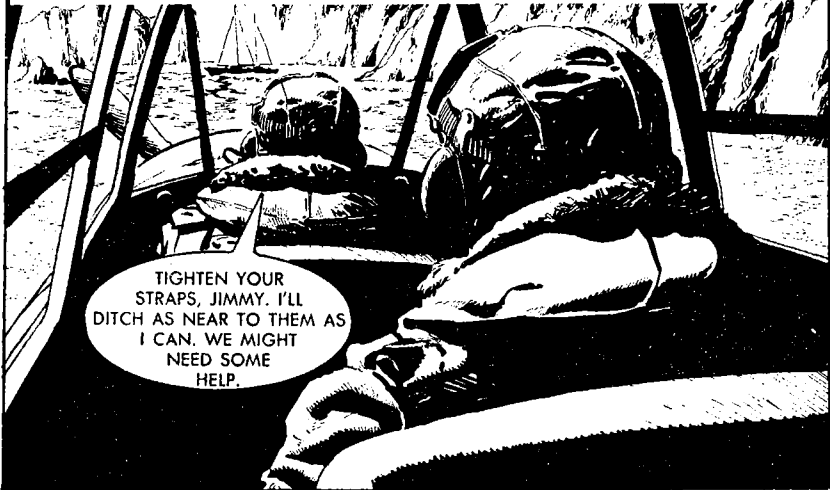
LEN WAS IN HIS ELEMENT—BUT JIMMY WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIS ANTICS AS THE YACHT RAN INTO A SANDBANK.



THEY BANKED STEEPLY—THEN SUDDENLY THE ENGINE STOPPED.

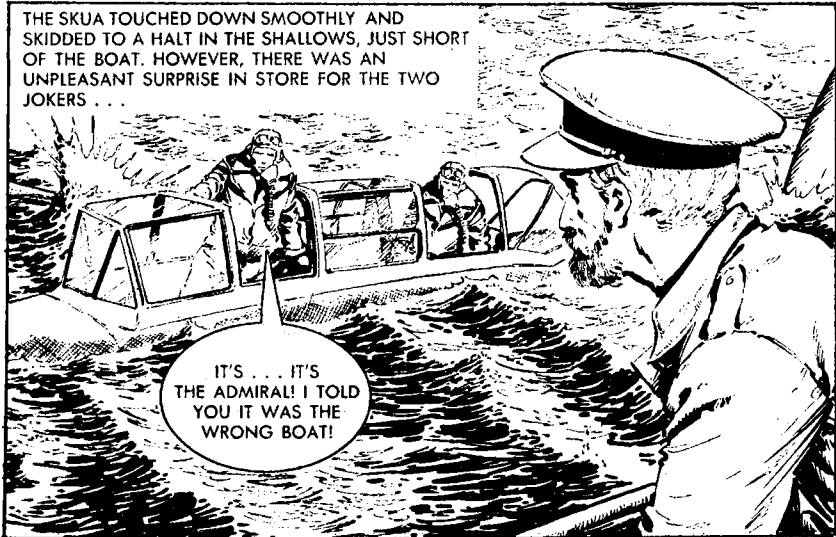


REALISING THEY WERE FAR TOO LOW TO REACH THE COAST, LEN HEADED FOR THE STRANDED BOAT.



TIGHTEN YOUR STRAPS, JIMMY. I'LL DITCH AS NEAR TO THEM AS I CAN. WE MIGHT NEED SOME HELP.

THE SKUA TOUCHED DOWN SMOOTHLY AND SKIDDED TO A HALT IN THE SHALLOWS, JUST SHORT OF THE BOAT. HOWEVER, THERE WAS AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE TWO JOKERS . . .



IT'S . . . IT'S THE ADMIRAL! I TOLD YOU IT WAS THE WRONG BOAT!

THEY COULD NOT BELIEVE THEIR BAD LUCK.

OF ALL THE
BLITHERING, STUPID
IDIOTS!

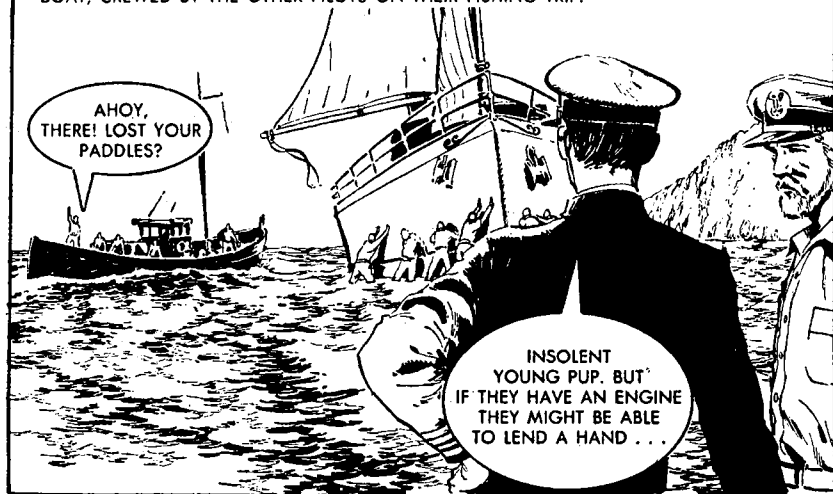
NOW I
KNOW HOW THE
TROOPS FEEL WHEN THEY
GO OVER THE
TOP . .

THE BOAT WAS OWNED BY CAPTAIN HOPKIN, R.N., WHO HAD INVITED THE ADMIRAL AND SOME FRIENDS FOR A DAY'S CRUISING. AND HE WAS FURIOUS ABOUT THE WHOLE SITUATION.

WE'VE GOT
TO FLOAT HER
BEFORE THE TIDE TURNS.
THERE'S A STORM
FORECAST FOR
TONIGHT.

I HOPE
YOU'RE WELL INSURED,
OLD BOY. SHE ISN'T
BUDGING AN
INCH . .

FORTUNATELY, IN THE NICK OF TIME, THEY WERE HAILED FROM A BATTERED OLD FISHING BOAT, CREWED BY THE OTHER PILOTS ON THEIR FISHING TRIP.



WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE YOUNG SQUADRON OFFICERS' HIRED BOAT, THE CAPTAIN'S YACHT WAS REFLOATED AND HE AND HIS GUESTS DEPARTED, LEAVING LEN AND JIMMY TO MAKE FOR HOME ON THE FISHING SMACK.



BUT FATE SMILED UPON THE TWO YOUNG MEN, AS A COURT OF ENQUIRY ESTABLISHED THAT THE ENGINE FAILURE WAS NOT THE FAULT OF THE PILOT.




LIFE WAS UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE TWO DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, THEN LEN SAW A NOTICE ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS WITH FLOATPLANE EXPERIENCE.



JIMMY FINALLY ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE PERSUADED, AS LEN WAS SO KEEN TO GET AWAY FROM THE SQUADRON. SO THEY WENT TO SEE THE COMMANDER.




TO THEIR SURPRISE, THE ADMIRAL RAISED NO OBJECTIONS, AND THEIR POSTINGS CAME THROUGH WITH UNUSUAL SPEED. BUT THERE WAS BAD NEWS TO COME . . .



YOU'LL LEAVE TOMORROW TO JOIN A CRUISER. SHE'S BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA, AND YOU'LL BE FLYING HER SPOTTER AIRCRAFT.

SOUTH AMERICA? BUT WE'LL MISS THE WAR IF WE'RE POSTED AWAY OUT THERE!

HOWEVER, IT WAS TOO LATE TO WITHDRAW THE APPLICATIONS. THEY PROCEEDED TO PACK FOR THEIR TRIP IN LOW SPIRITS.



SPECIAL MISSION, YOU SAID, BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES. HUH, GUNNERY SPOTTING IN AN OLD FAIREY SEAFOX, MORE LIKELY.

HOW WAS I TO KNOW? ANYWAY, AT LEAST WE'LL GET AWAY FROM SIR WILLIAM—ALTHOUGH I'M SURPRISED HE LET US GO.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL THEY REPORTED TO THE CRUISER THAT THEY REALISED WHY THE ADMIRAL HAD BEEN SO ACCOMODATING. THEIR CAPTAIN WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE SAME CAPTAIN HOPKIN WHOSE YACHT THEY HAD DRIVEN AGROUND TWO WEEKS PREVIOUSLY. AND IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HOPKIN WAS NOT PLEASED TO SEE THEM.



CAPTAIN HOPKIN MADE NO SECRET OF HIS ANNOYANCE. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO MAKE CHANGES, FOR THE CRUISER WAS ALREADY UNDER ORDERS TO SAIL.



THEY SOON LEARNED FROM THE OTHER OFFICERS THAT THE CAPTAIN HAD SPENT MOST OF HIS CAREER IN BATTLESHIPS, AND HE HAD A POOR OPINION OF AIRCRAFT AS A WEAPON.

MIND YOU, LOOKING AT THAT MUSEUM PIECE I TEND TO AGREE WITH THE CAPTAIN. IT'S HARDLY IN THE SPITFIRE CLASS.

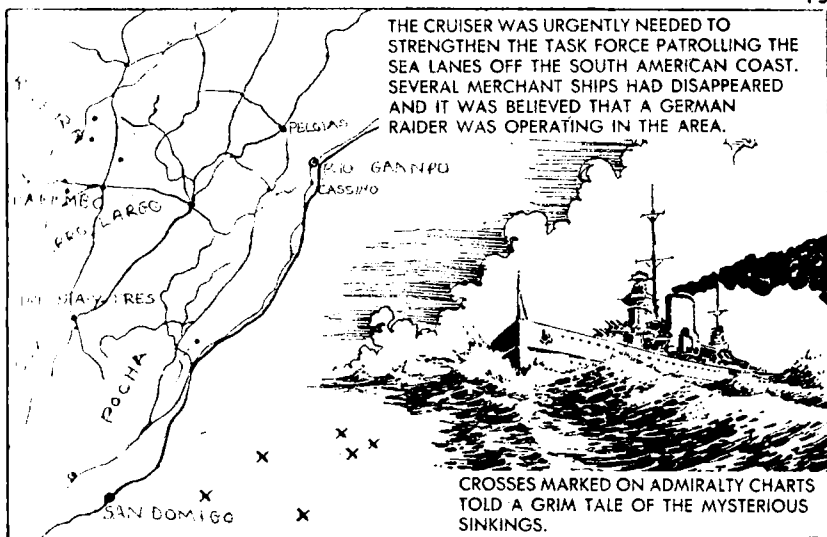
DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU ARE. A SPITFIRE ISN'T MUCH GOOD AT LANDING ON THE WATER!

DURING THE LONG VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA THERE WAS LITTLE FOR THE TWO AIRMEN TO DO. THEY SPENT MOST OF THEIR TIME LOAFING AROUND.

DID YOU ASK ABOUT SOME PRACTICE LAUNCHES, TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S WORKING PROPERLY?

I'M SICK OF ASKING. THE ANSWER'S ALWAYS THE SAME—"THERE ISN'T TIME TO PLAY AROUND PICKING UP AIRCRAFT, WE'RE IN A HURRY!"

THE CAPTAIN WAS NOT INTENTIONALLY DEPRIVING THE TWO YOUNG LIEUTENANTS OF SOME ACTION. THERE WAS A GOOD REASON FOR THEIR HASTE.



AND ON BOARD THE CRUISER IT LOOKED AS IF LEN AND JIMMY WOULD FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE THEIR WORTH. FOR AS THEY NEARED THE DANGER AREA, HOPKIN DECIDED TO SEND THE FAIREY SEAFOX ON PATROL.

AT LEAST THIS IS BETTER THAN READING ALL THE OLD MAGAZINES IN THE WARD ROOM. IT'S A PITY WE HAVEN'T ANY BOMBS THOUGH.

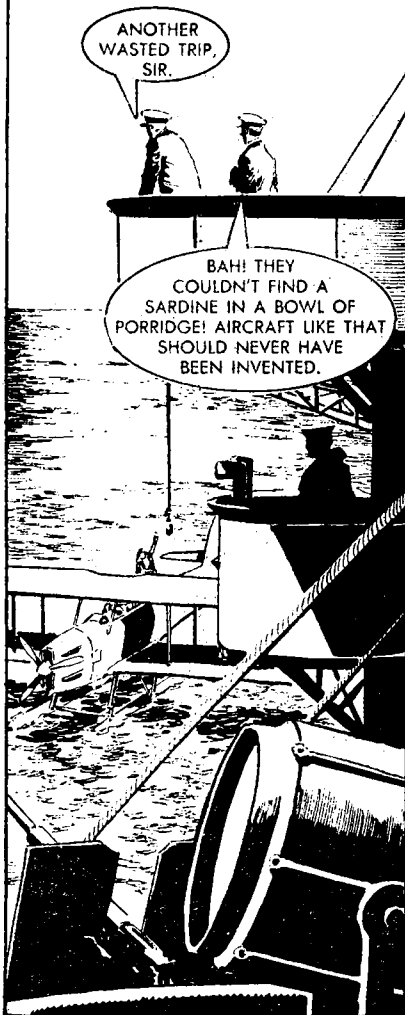
IF THE JERRY RAIDER IS ANYTHING BIGGER THAN A ROWING BOAT, I'M GLAD WE HAVEN'T. THIS KITE ISN'T BUILT FOR DIVE-BOMBING!

AND SO THEY WERE CATAPULTED FROM THE SHIP TO BEGIN A BRIEF SEARCH FOR THE MARAUDING MENACE.

BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED WITHOUT A SINGLE SIGHTING REPORTED, THE CAPTAIN'S OPINION OF AIRCRAFT WORSENEO STILL.

ANOTHER
WASTED TRIP,
SIR.

BAH! THEY
COULDN'T FIND A
SARDINE IN A BOWL OF
PORRIDGE! AIRCRAFT LIKE THAT
SHOULD NEVER HAVE
BEEN INVENTED.



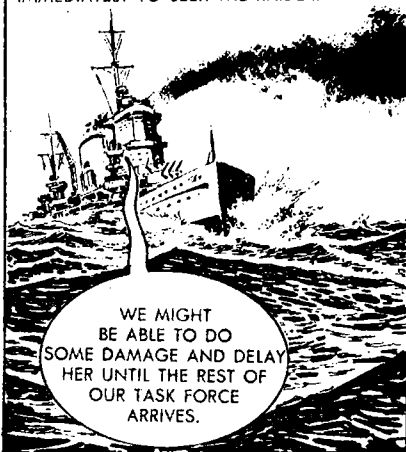
THEN AN INTERRUPTED S.O.S. WAS PICKED UP. AND THE VICTIM WAS A BRITISH MERCHANT SHIP.



THE MESSAGE
SAYS THEY'RE BEING
ATTACKED BY AN ENEMY
BATTLE-CRUISER, SIR. BUT
WE DON'T KNOW HER
POSITION.

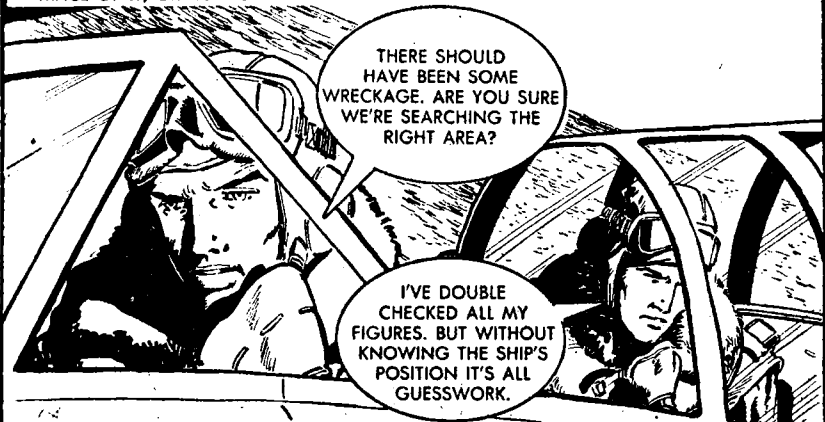
BATTLE-CRUISER,
EH? THAT COULD GIVE US
QUITE A FIGHT . . .

A BEARING HAD BEEN TAKEN ON THE S.O.S. MESSAGE. AND DESPITE THE ODDS AGAINST HIM, CAPTAIN HOPKIN ALTERED COURSE IMMEDIATELY TO SEEK THE RAIDER.



WE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO DO
SOME DAMAGE AND DELAY
HER UNTIL THE REST OF
OUR TASK FORCE
ARRIVES.

LEN AND JIMMY WERE LAUNCHED TO SHADOW THE ENEMY SHIP. BUT THEY FOUND NO TRACE OF IT, OR ITS VICTIMS.




THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SOME WRECKAGE. ARE YOU SURE WE'RE SEARCHING THE RIGHT AREA?

I'VE DOUBLE CHECKED ALL MY FIGURES. BUT WITHOUT KNOWING THE SHIP'S POSITION IT'S ALL GUESSWORK.

UNFORTUNATELY THE BEARING OBTAINED ON THE S.O.S. GAVE NO INDICATION OF THE RANGE, THUS INCREASING JIMMY'S DIFFICULTIES IN TRYING TO PINPOINT THE ENEMY RAIDER.

THEY RETURNED AFTER THEIR FRUITLESS QUEST AND REPORTED TO AN ANGRY CAPTAIN HOPKIN WHO HAD DECIDED TO CALL OFF THE SEARCH FOR THE GERMAN MYSTERY SHIP.



THERE'S NO MOON TONIGHT, SIR, BUT WE COULD TAKE OFF AGAIN AT FIRST LIGHT FOR ANOTHER SEARCH.

BY THAT TIME THE RAIDER COULD BE THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY. NO, I'M AFRAID WE'VE LOST HER FOR GOOD.

THE FOLLOWING DAY THE WEATHER WAS TOO BAD FOR FLYING, AND THE CRUISER MADE A LAST ATTEMPT TO FIND THE RAIDER OR THE BRITISH SHIP.

I'LL BET THE JERRIES ARE ENJOYING THIS WEATHER. IF WE WERE FLYING WE'D HAVE TO COLLIDE WITH THEIR FUNNEL BEFORE WE SAW THEM.

FINDING OUR WAY BACK TO THE CRUISER WOULDN'T BE ANY FUN, EITHER. IT'S SO BAD, EVEN THE SEAGULLS ARE SWIMMING.

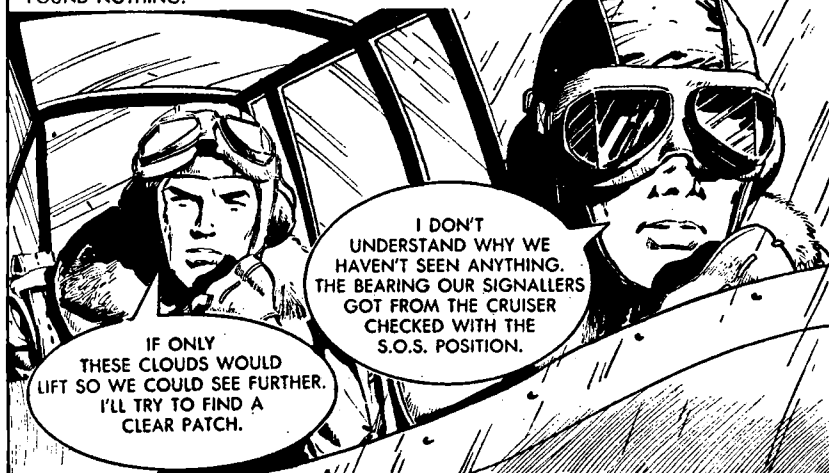
THEY COVERED A WIDE AREA, BUT WITH NO SUCCESS.

THE WEATHER HAD NOT IMPROVED MUCH WHEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, ANOTHER S.O.S. WAS RECEIVED. AND THIS TIME IT WAS DECIDED TO RISK THE SEAFOX—

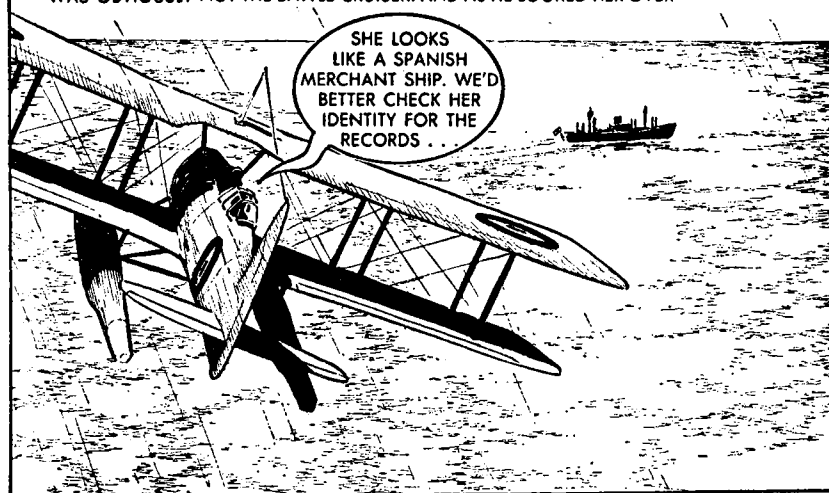
IT'S THE BATTLE-CRUISER AGAIN. BUT THE POSITION'S A BIT VAGUE AS THE SIGNAL WAS CUT SHORT.

CAN'T HELP THAT, MATE. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE AN EFFORT. ANOTHER FAILURE AND THE SKIPPER WILL PROBABLY HAVE US KEEL-HAULED!

DESPITE AN INTENSIVE SEARCH, AND THE FACT THAT THE SHIP'S POSITION HAD BEEN GIVEN, THE AIRMEN FOUND NOTHING.



THEN, AS THE MIST CLEARED BRIEFLY, JIMMY NOTICED A SHIP IN THE DISTANCE. BUT IT WAS OBVIOUSLY NOT THE BATTLE-CRUISER. AND AS HE LOOKED HER OVER—



THEY MADE A SWEEPING PASS OVER THE NEUTRAL MERCHANTMAN AND JIMMY NOTICED SOMETHING VERY UNUSUAL.

SKIPPER,
I'M SURE I SAW
SOME SEAMEN PAINTING HER
HULL. FUNNY SORT OF WEATHER
FOR THAT, DON'T
YOU THINK?

WE'LL
TAKE A CLOSER
LOOK.

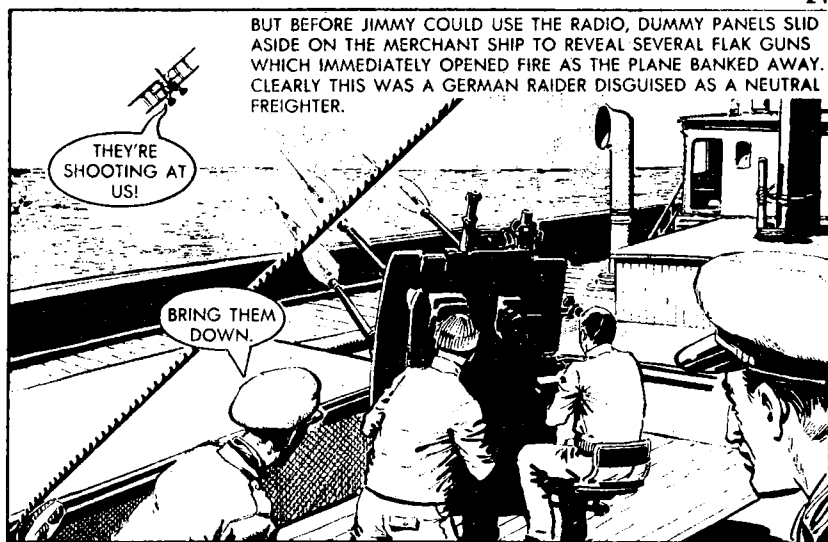
AS THE SEAFOX SWOOPED IN LOW OVER
THE MYSTERY VESSEL, LEN SPOTTED THE
NECESSARY EVIDENCE TO VERIFY
JIMMY'S SUSPICIONS.

YOU'RE RIGHT.
THEY'RE DISGUIISING
THEMSELVES! GET A SIGNAL
OFF TO THE CRUISER,
QUICKLY.

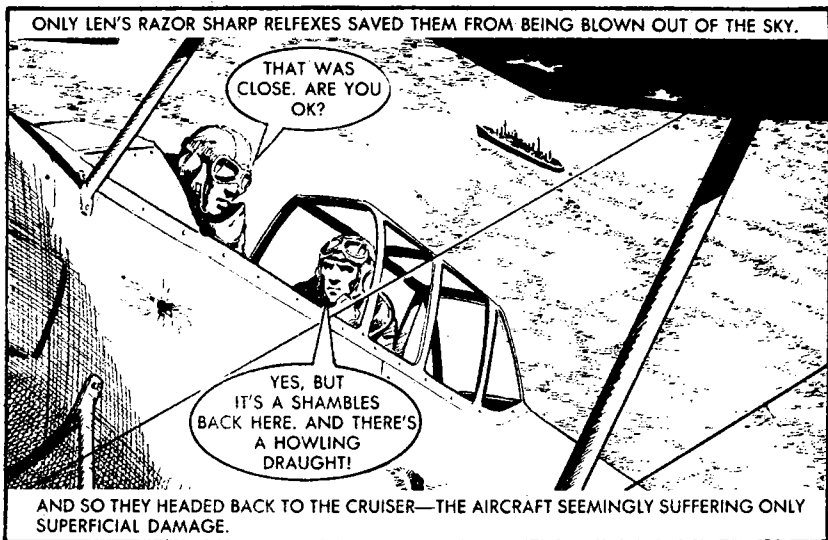
LOOK, A
PROWLER!



BUT BEFORE JIMMY COULD USE THE RADIO, DUMMY PANELS SLID ASIDE ON THE MERCHANT SHIP TO REVEAL SEVERAL FLAK GUNS WHICH IMMEDIATELY OPENED FIRE AS THE PLANE BANKED AWAY. CLEARLY THIS WAS A GERMAN RAIDER DISGUISED AS A NEUTRAL FREIGHTER.

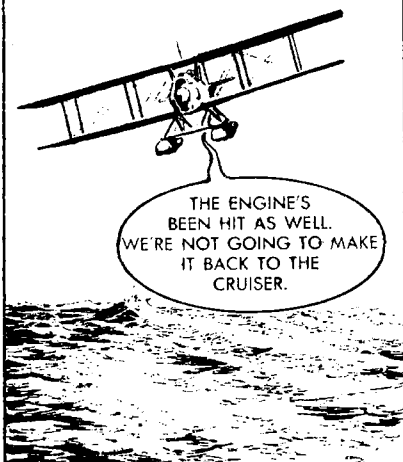


ONLY LEN'S RAZOR SHARP REFLEXES SAVED THEM FROM BEING BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY.

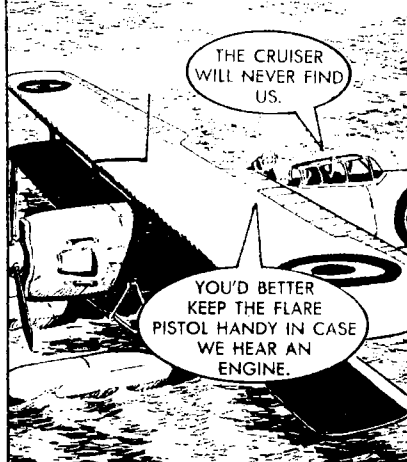


AND SO THEY HEADED BACK TO THE CRUISER—THE AIRCRAFT SEEMINGLY SUFFERING ONLY SUPERFICIAL DAMAGE.

BUT ONE LOOK AT THE RADIO TOLD JIMMY IT WAS WRECKED. AND LEN HAD WORSE NEWS...



AFTER A FEW MILES THE ENGINE FINALLY GAVE A LAST SPLUTTER AND STOPPED. LEN PUT THE SEAFOX DOWN GENTLY ON THE WAVES.



AFTER THREE DAYS OF DRIFTING HELPLESSLY IN THE VAST OCEAN THE TWO FRIENDS HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE, FOR THE SEAFOX WAS BEGINNING TO BREAK UP. THEN... A SHIP STEAMED INTO VIEW--AND ON SPOTTING THE FLARE, IT CAME TO THEIR AID.

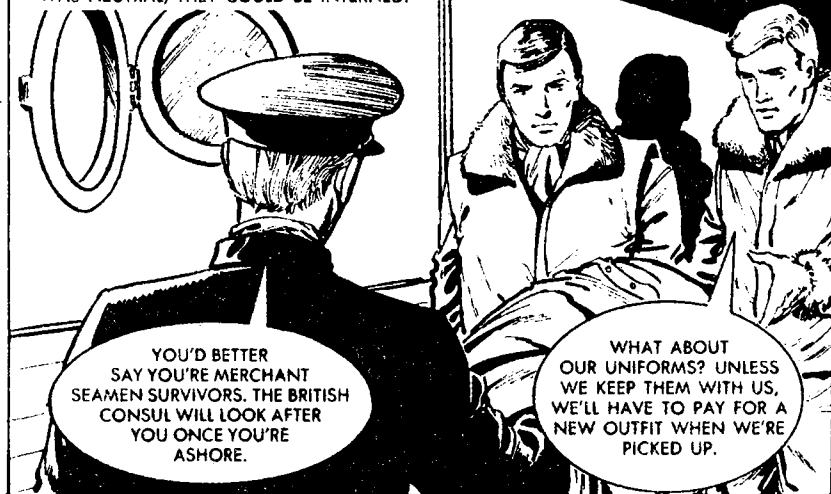


THE TWO GRATEFUL YOUNG OFFICERS WERE QUICKLY HELPED ON BOARD.

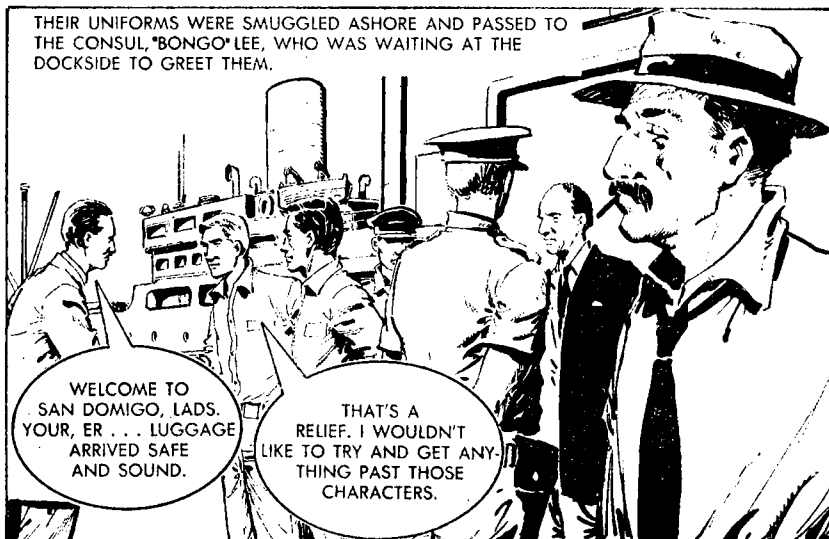
THE MERCHANT SKIPPER SIGNALLED THE CRUISER IMMEDIATELY. BUT HOPKIN'S FIRST CONCERN WAS THE ENEMY RAIDER—NOT THE TWO "USELESS LAYABOUTS" STRANDED WITHOUT AN AIRCRAFT.



BEFORE PUTTING THEM ASHORE, THE FRIENDLY SKIPPER WARNED THAT, AS SAN DOMIGO WAS NEUTRAL, THEY COULD BE INTERNED.



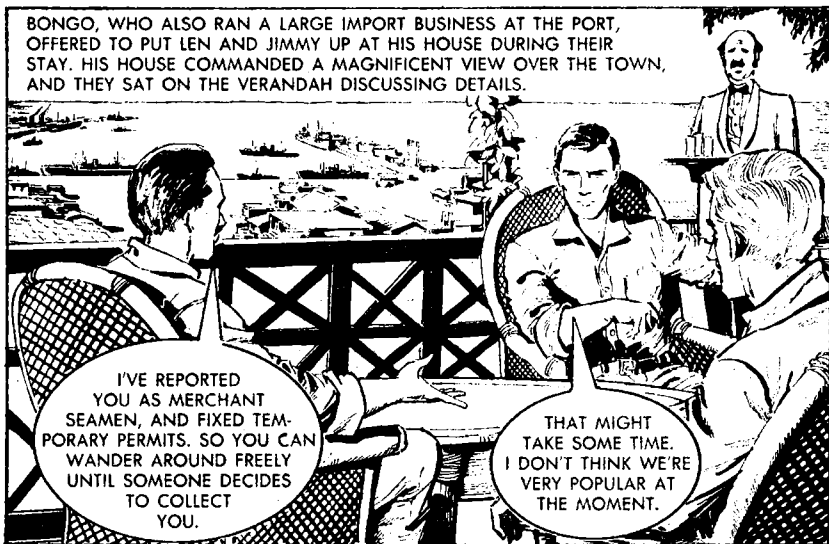
THEIR UNIFORMS WERE SMUGGLED ASHORE AND PASSED TO THE CONSUL, 'BONGO' LEE, WHO WAS WAITING AT THE DOCKSIDE TO GREET THEM.



WELCOME TO SAN DOMIGO, LADS. YOUR, ER . . . LUGGAGE ARRIVED SAFE AND SOUND.

THAT'S A RELIEF. I WOULDN'T LIKE TO TRY AND GET ANYTHING PAST THOSE CHARACTERS.

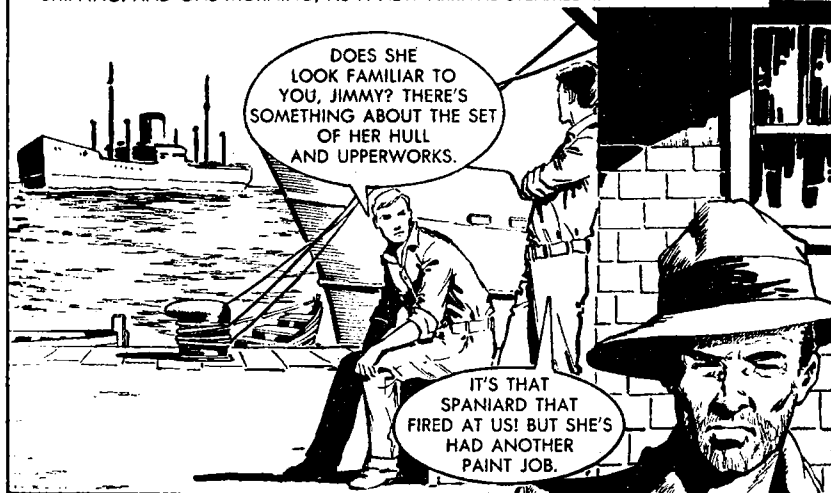
BONGO, WHO ALSO RAN A LARGE IMPORT BUSINESS AT THE PORT, OFFERED TO PUT LEN AND JIMMY UP AT HIS HOUSE DURING THEIR STAY. HIS HOUSE COMMANDED A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OVER THE TOWN, AND THEY SAT ON THE VERANDAH DISCUSSING DETAILS.



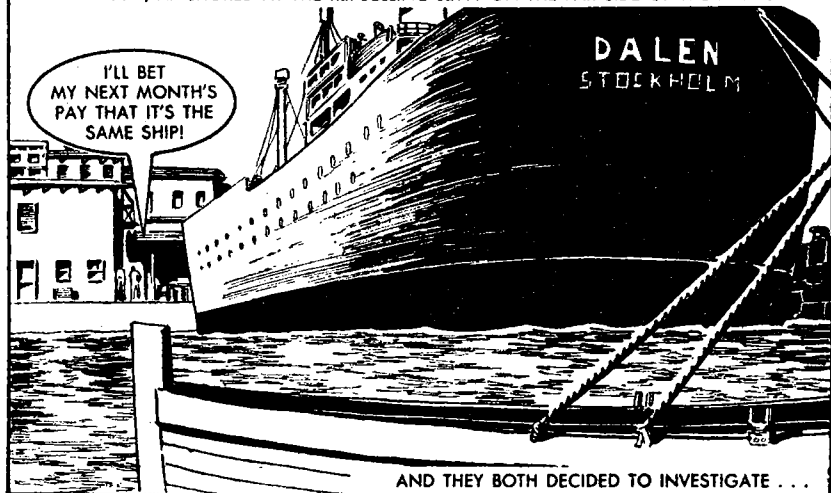
I'VE REPORTED YOU AS MERCHANT SEAMEN, AND FIXED TEMPORARY PERMITS. SO YOU CAN WANDER AROUND FREELY UNTIL SOMEONE DECIDES TO COLLECT YOU.

THAT MIGHT TAKE SOME TIME. I DON'T THINK WE'RE VERY POPULAR AT THE MOMENT.

EVERY DAY LEN AND JIMMY VISITED THE DOCKS, PAYING CLOSE ATTENTION TO THE SHIPPING. AND ONE MORNING, AS A NEW ARRIVAL STEAMED IN—



THE SHIP, NOW BEARING THE NAME OF "DALEN" AND ALLEGEDLY SAILING OUT OF STOCKHOLM, ANCHORED AT THE REFUELLING JETTY ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE HARBOUR.



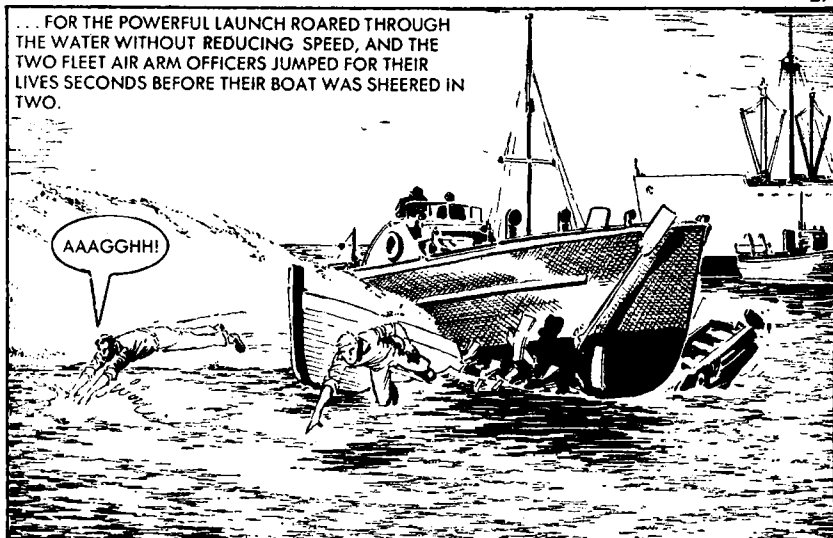
BONGO HAD GIVEN THEM ENOUGH MONEY TO HIRE A SMALL ROWING BOAT. BUT THE DALEN'S CREW DID NOT ENCOURAGE VISITORS.



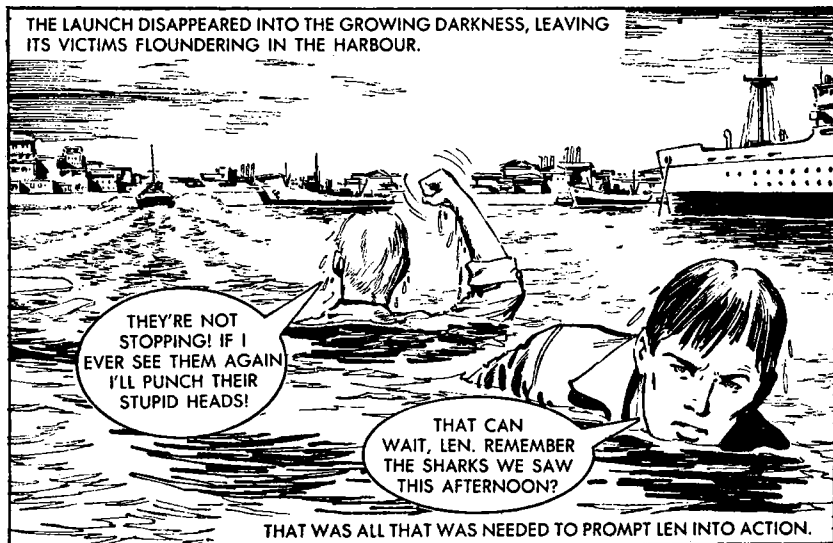
IT WAS GETTING DARK AS THEY RETURNED ACROSS THE HARBOUR, BUT THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH LIGHT TO SEE A LAUNCH APPROACHING.



... FOR THE POWERFUL LAUNCH ROARED THROUGH THE WATER WITHOUT REDUCING SPEED, AND THE TWO FLEET AIR ARM OFFICERS JUMPED FOR THEIR LIVES SECONDS BEFORE THEIR BOAT WAS SHEERED IN TWO.

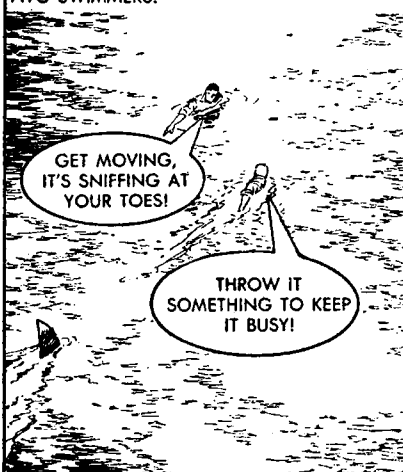


THE LAUNCH DISAPPEARED INTO THE GROWING DARKNESS, LEAVING ITS VICTIMS FLOUNDERING IN THE HARBOUR.



THAT WAS ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO PROMPT LEN INTO ACTION.

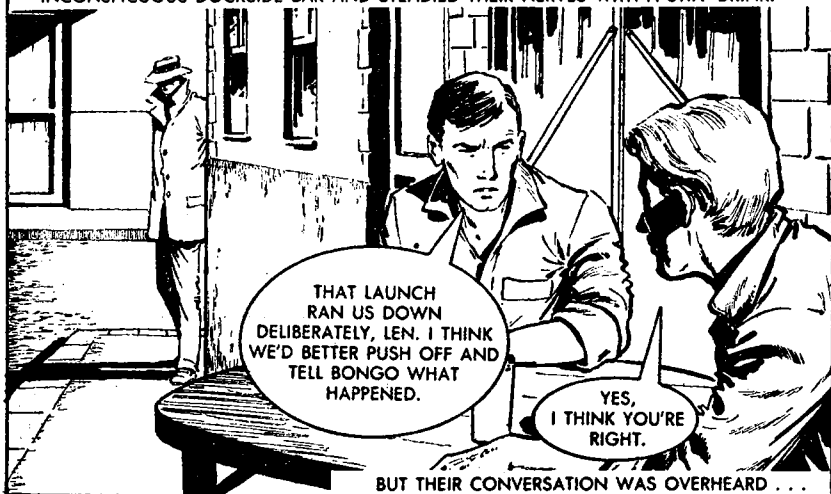
LUCKILY THE HARBOUR SHARKS WERE WELL-FED AND ONLY REMOTELY INTERESTED IN THE TWO SWIMMERS.



BUT LEN WAS A STRONG SWIMMER AND WAS SOON AT HIS FRIEND'S HEELS.



BECAUSE THEIR WET CLOTHES WERE ATTRACTING ATTENTION, THEY FOUND A SMALL, INCONSPICUOUS DOCKSIDE BAR AND STEADIED THEIR NERVES WITH A STIFF DRINK.



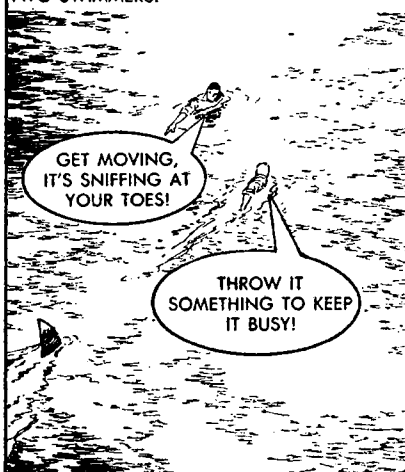
... AND AS THEY WALKED ALONG A BADLY-LIT ALLEY TOWARDS THE TOWN, THEY RAN INTO MORE TROUBLE IN THE SHAPE OF THREE TOUGH-LOOKING THUGS.



JIMMY IMMEDIATELY PUT HIS PRE-WAR BOXING EXPERIENCE TO FULL USE. LEN, HOWEVER, WAS CAUGHT UNAWARES AND RECEIVED A JAW-NUMBING PUNCH.



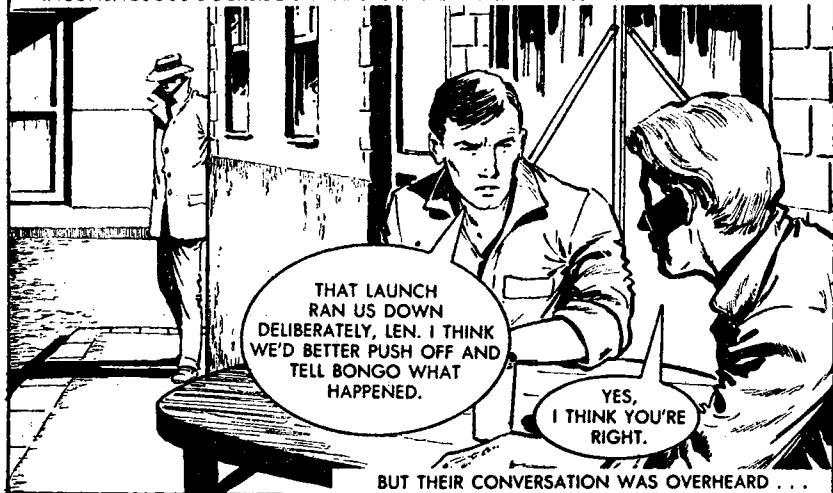
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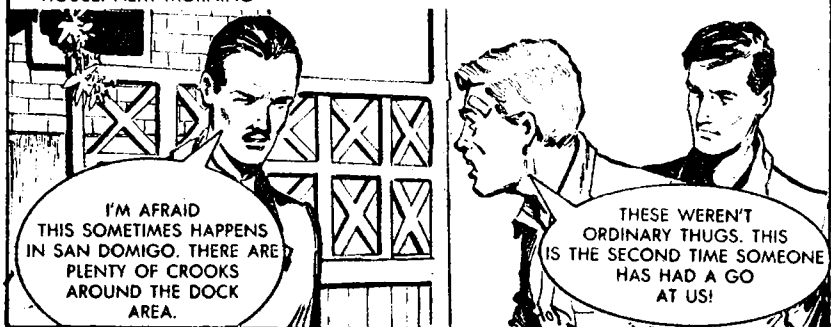


BUT THE ODDS WERE TOO HEAVY. AND JUST WHEN ALL SEEMED LOST



THE ATTACKERS FLED AT THE SIGHT OF THE TWO POLICEMEN.

LEN WASN'T BADLY HURT, AND THE TWO AIRMEN WERE ESCORTED BACK TO BONGO'S HOUSE. NEXT MORNING —



I'M AFRAID
THIS SOMETIMES HAPPENS
IN SAN DOMIGO. THERE ARE
PLENTY OF CROOKS
AROUND THE DOCK
AREA.

THESE WEREN'T
ORDINARY THUGS. THIS
IS THE SECOND TIME SOMEONE
HAS HAD A GO
AT US!

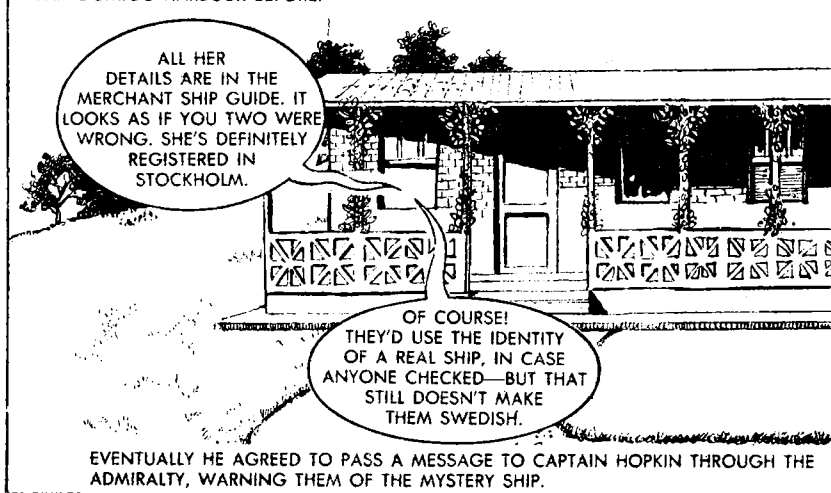
BONGO LOOKED SCEPTICAL WHEN HE HEARD THEIR STORY—UNTIL JIMMY PRODUCED A PISTOL HE HAD TAKEN FROM ONE OF THEIR ASSAILANTS.



A MAUSER?
WHERE WOULD A CHEAP
CROOK GET A GUN LIKE
THAT?

FROM THE
GERMAN NAVY PERHAPS?
FOR CARRYING OUT A LITTLE
KIDNAP JOB FOR
THEM?

THE CONSUL STILL TOOK A LOT OF CONVINCING, FOR HE HAD SEEN THE DALEN IN SAN DOMIGO HARBOUR BEFORE.

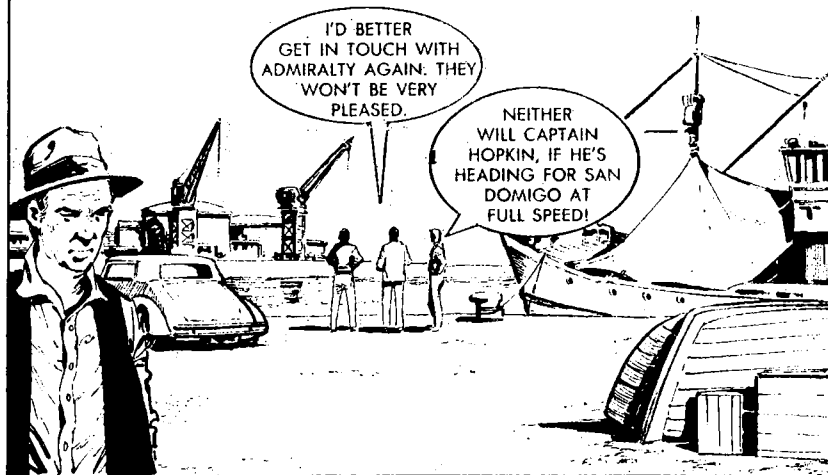


ALL HER
DETAILS ARE IN THE
MERCHANT SHIP GUIDE. IT
LOOKS AS IF YOU TWO WERE
WRONG. SHE'S DEFINITELY
REGISTERED IN
STOCKHOLM.

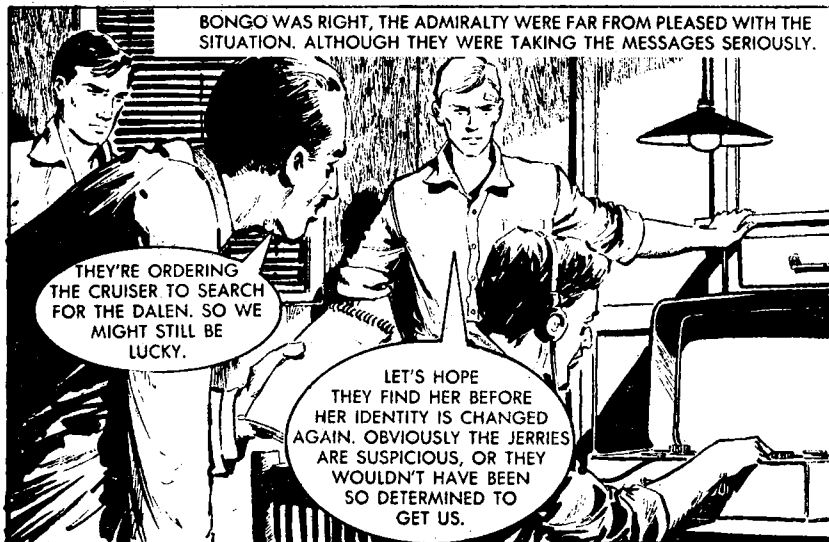
OF COURSE!
THEY'D USE THE IDENTITY
OF A REAL SHIP, IN CASE
ANYONE CHECKED—BUT THAT
STILL DOESN'T MAKE
THEM SWEDISH.

EVENTUALLY HE AGREED TO PASS A MESSAGE TO CAPTAIN HOPKIN THROUGH THE ADMIRALTY, WARNING THEM OF THE MYSTERY SHIP.

BUT THE NEXT DAY THE DALEN HAD DEPARTED AFTER COMPLETING HER REFUELLING DURING THE NIGHT.



BONGO WAS RIGHT, THE ADMIRALTY WERE FAR FROM PLEASED WITH THE SITUATION. ALTHOUGH THEY WERE TAKING THE MESSAGES SERIOUSLY.



THAT AFTERNOON, LEN AND JIMMY ACCOMPANIED BONGO TO HIS OFFICE, AS HE CONSIDERED IT WAS NO LONGER SAFE FOR THEM TO WANDER IN THE TOWN.

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SO LONG AS YOU STAY WITH ME.

HE SPOKE TOO SOON . . .

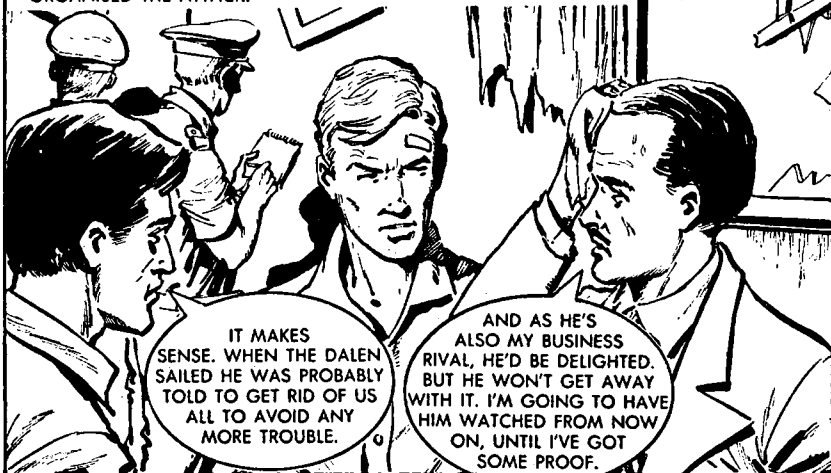
WHAT THE BLAZES!

DOWN! IT'S A GRENADE!

A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER, THE GRENADE EXPLODED, HURLING THE DESK ACROSS THE SMALL OFFICE JUST AS JIMMY DIVED TO PUSH BONGO CLEAR OF THE BLAST.

AAAGHH!

THEY WERE BADLY SHAKEN AFTER THEIR NARROW ESCAPE AND BONGO SUSPECTED THAT VON HARTMANN, THE GERMAN CONSUL, HAD ORGANISED THE ATTACK.



IT MAKES SENSE. WHEN THE DALEN SAILED HE WAS PROBABLY TOLD TO GET RID OF US ALL TO AVOID ANY MORE TROUBLE.

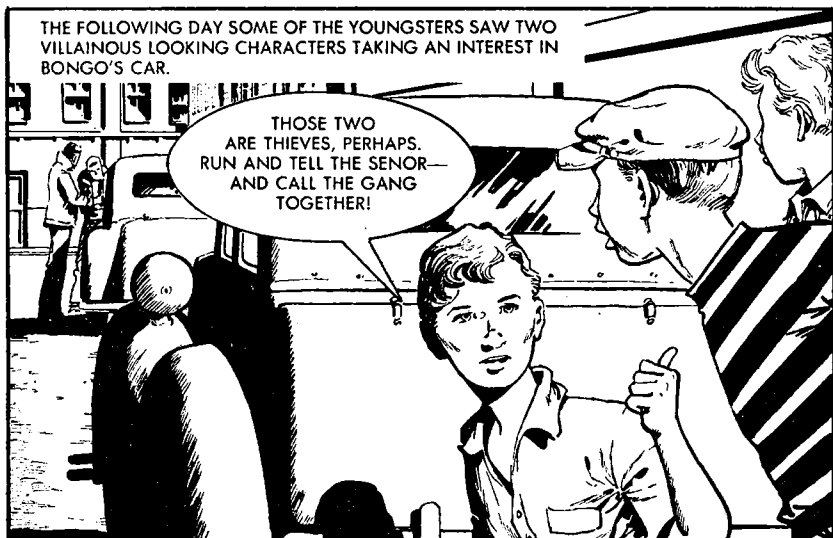
AND AS HE'S ALSO MY BUSINESS RIVAL, HE'D BE DELIGHTED BUT HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT. I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM WATCHED FROM NOW ON, UNTIL I'VE GOT SOME PROOF.

THERE WAS A STRONG BOND BETWEEN BONGO AND THE LOCAL URCHINS, AND HE ARRANGED FOR THEM TO SPY ON THE GERMAN CONSUL.

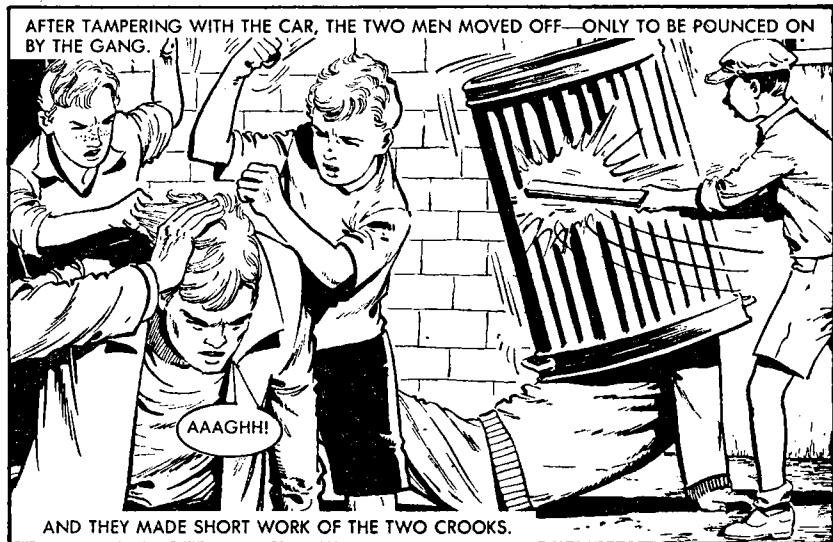


I OFTEN PAY THEM TO DO LITTLE JOBS FOR ME. IT'S CHEAPER THAN HAVING MY TYRES SLASHED. THEY'RE NOT BAD KIDS, AND I CAN TRUST THEM.

THE FOLLOWING DAY SOME OF THE YOUNGSTERS SAW TWO VILLAINOUS LOOKING CHARACTERS TAKING AN INTEREST IN BONGO'S CAR.




AFTER TAMPERING WITH THE CAR, THE TWO MEN MOVED OFF—ONLY TO BE POUNCED ON BY THE GANG.



AND THEY MADE SHORT WORK OF THE TWO CROOKS.


WHEN BONGO ARRIVED WITH THE POLICE, THEY DISCOVERED THAT THE CAR HAD BEEN TURNED INTO A DEATH TRAP . . .



YOU SEE, SENOR?
ONE TOUCH OF YOUR
IGNITION KEY AND YOU WOULD
HAVE DISAPPEARED IN
A CLOUD OF SMOKE,
NO?

I HOPE YOU
CAN FIND OUT WHO
EMPLOYED THEM. I SHOULD BE
VERY GRATEFUL, IF
YOU SEE WHAT I
MEAN?

IF THE CULPRITS HAD BEEN EMPLOYED BY VON HARTMANN, BONGO KNEW THE POLICE WOULD BE FORCED TO TAKE ACTION.



THERE'S NOTHING
I'D LIKE BETTER THAN
TO SEE THAT GERMAN CROOK IN
JAIL. YOU WOULDN'T BE INVOLVED,
AND MY BUSINESS WOULD
DOUBLE OVERNIGHT.

IF CAPTAIN
HOPKIN GETS THE DALEN,
ALL OUR TROUBLES WILL BE
OVER, I HOPE!

THAT NIGHT A SIGNAL FROM LONDON
DASHED THEIR HOPES. CAPTAIN HOPKIN HAD
INTERCEPTED THE DALEN . . .

THE SHIP
WAS SEARCHED, IT'S
PAPERS CHECKED, AND IT'S
PERFECTLY GENUINE. CAPTAIN
HOPKIN WOULD BE OBLIGED IF NO
MORE OF HIS TIME IS
WASTED WITH FALSE
ALARMS.

BUT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND! IF THE
DALEN ISN'T A GERMAN SHIP,
WHY HAVE WE HAD SO
MUCH TROUBLE?

IT WAS JIMMY WHO HIT ON THE ANSWER
- THAT THE CRUISER HAD INTERCEPTED THE
REAL DALEN, AND NOT THE DISGUISED
GERMAN.

SO OF COURSE
THEY FOUND NOTHING
WRONG! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW
WE'D EVER CONVINCE
CAPTAIN HOPKIN.

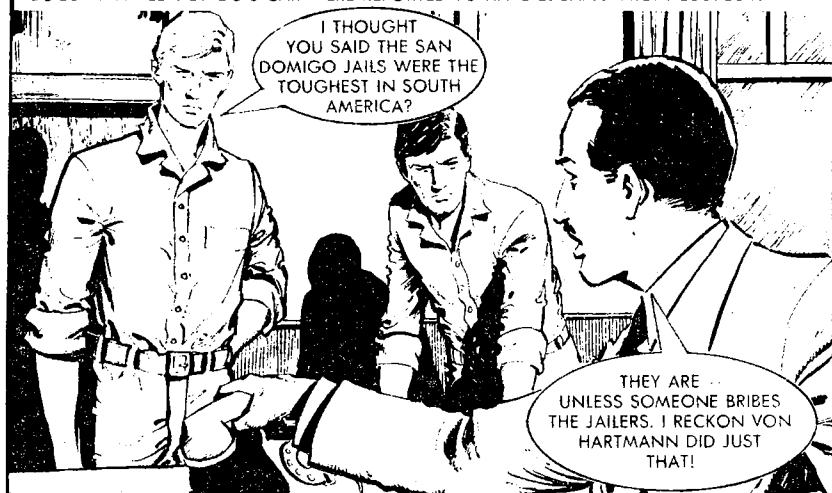
ANYWAY, THE
FAKE DALEN IS
PROBABLY DISGUISED AS
SOMETHING ELSE
BY NOW.

THE GERMANS HAD FLOWN THE COOP,
LEAVING JIMMY AND LEN IN A HOPELESS
SITUATION.

I DOUBT IF
IT WILL BE DISGUISED.
THEY'VE PROBABLY LINKED UP
WITH THEIR BATTLE CRUISER
TO HUNT FOR NEW
VICTIMS.

AND THEY'RE
SAFE, UNLESS OUR
SHIPS INTERCEPT THEM
BY ACCIDENT!

BUT THERE WAS MORE BAD NEWS TO COME. THE TWO WOULD-BE ASSASSINS WHO HAD BOOBY-TRAPPED BONGO'S CAR WERE REPORTED TO HAVE ESCAPED FROM CUSTODY.



WHEN HE MADE ENQUIRIES THERE SEEMED NO DOUBT THAT VON HARTMANN WAS INVOLVED IN THE ESCAPE.



IT SEEMED FUTILE TO CHASE THE GERMANS, WHO HAD A DAY'S START.



BONGO EXPLAINED THAT AN ENGLISHMAN, NICKNAMED "THE DUKE", USED TO RUN A MAIL SERVICE FROM A SMALL AIRSTRIP NOT FAR AWAY.



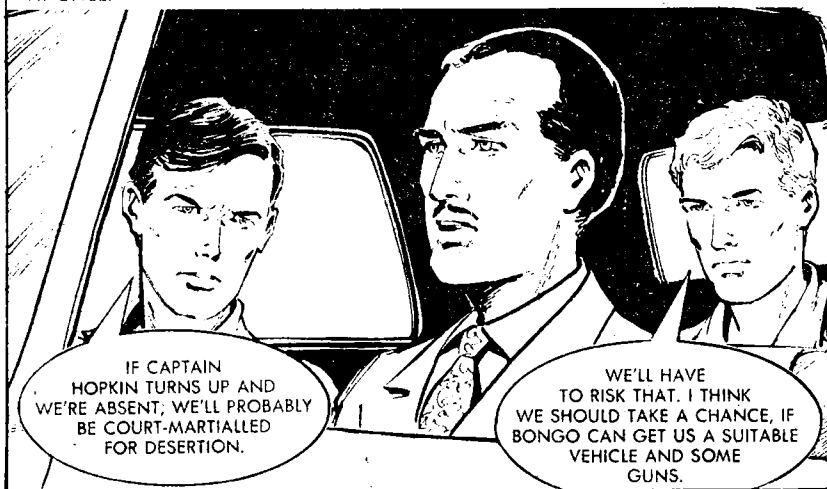
UNFORTUNATELY THE DUKE WAS ILL WITH FEVER, AS HE EXPLAINED WHEN THEY FOUND HIS HACIENDA.



THE JOURNEY WAS NOT ENTIRELY WASTED, HOWEVER, BECAUSE THE DUKE REMEMBERED THAT VON HARTMANN OWNED A PLANTATION FURTHER ALONG THE COAST.



HERE WAS THEIR CHANCE OF TRACING THE GERMAN. AND LEN WAS ALL FOR SETTING OUT AT ONCE.



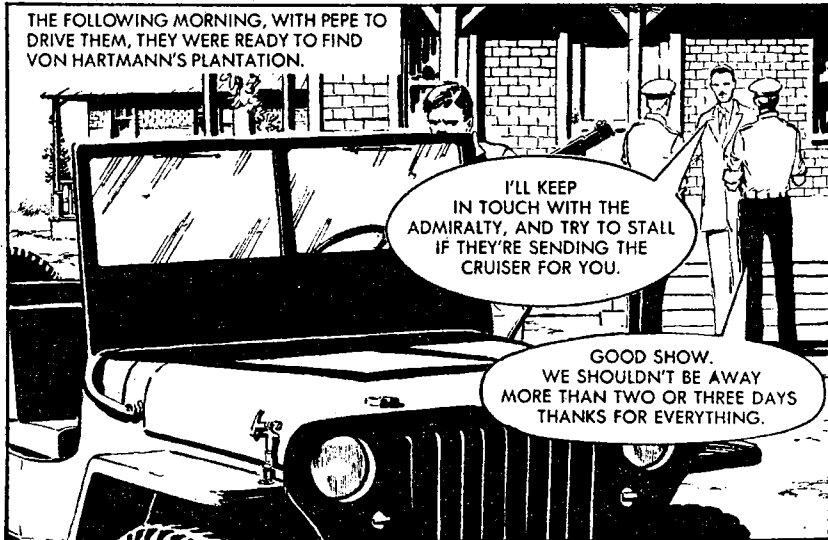
BONGO DID NOT RELISH THE THOUGHT OF USING HIS CAR FOR THE DANGEROUS TRIP. BUT WHEN HE REALISED THEY DID NOT WANT TO USE HIS PRECIOUS VEHICLE, HE AGREED EAGERLY TO ASSIST IN ANY WAY HE COULD.



THE OWNER
SAYS THIS JEEP'S IN
GOOD CONDITION, AND MY
ASSISTANT PEPE WILL ACT AS
GUIDE AND DRIVER FOR YOU.
WHAT ELSE DO
YOU NEED?

A COUPLE OF
GUNS, AND SOME RATIONS.
WE'D BETTER TAKE OUR UNIFORMS
IN CASE WE HAVE TROUBLE WITH
THE AUTHORITIES. WE MIGHT BE
ABLE TO BLUFF OUR
WAY THROUGH.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WITH PEPE TO
DRIVE THEM, THEY WERE READY TO FIND
VON HARTMANN'S PLANTATION.



I'LL KEEP
IN TOUCH WITH THE
ADMIRALTY, AND TRY TO STALL
IF THEY'RE SENDING THE
CRUISER FOR YOU.

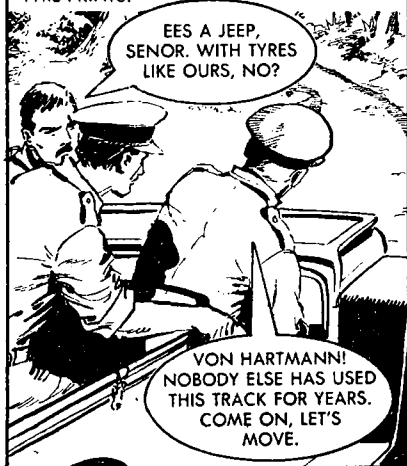
GOOD SHOW.
WE SHOULDN'T BE AWAY
MORE THAN TWO OR THREE DAYS
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

THERE WERE NO ROADS LEADING ALONG THE COAST, BUT THEY PICKED UP A TRACK FROM THE MAP AND FOLLOWED IT HOPEFULLY.



THE ONLY PLACES ALONG THIS ROUTE ARE SOME DISUSED LOGGING CAMPS, SO WE SHOULDN'T MEET ANY TRAFFIC.

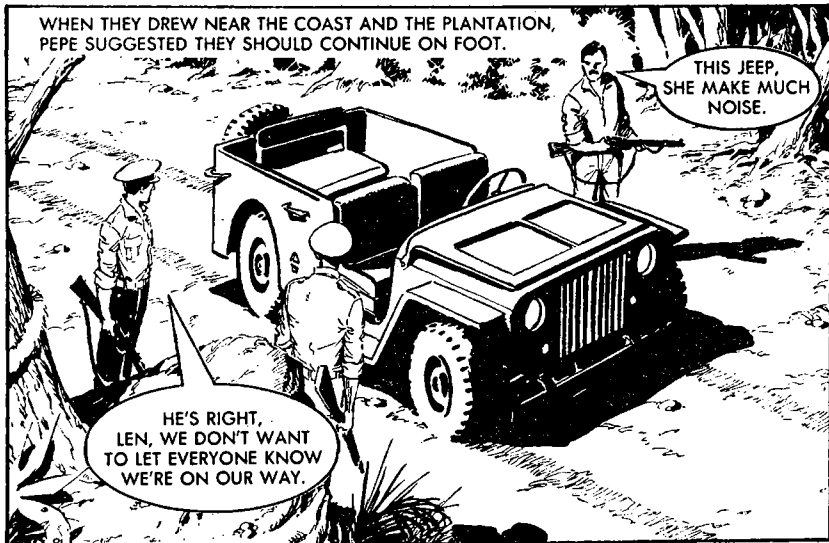
SEVERAL MILES PAST THE LOGGING CAMP, THEY STOPPED TO EXAMINE SOME RECENT TYRE PRINTS.



EES A JEEP, SENOR. WITH TYRES LIKE OURS, NO?

VON HARTMANN! NOBODY ELSE HAS USED THIS TRACK FOR YEARS. COME ON, LET'S MOVE.

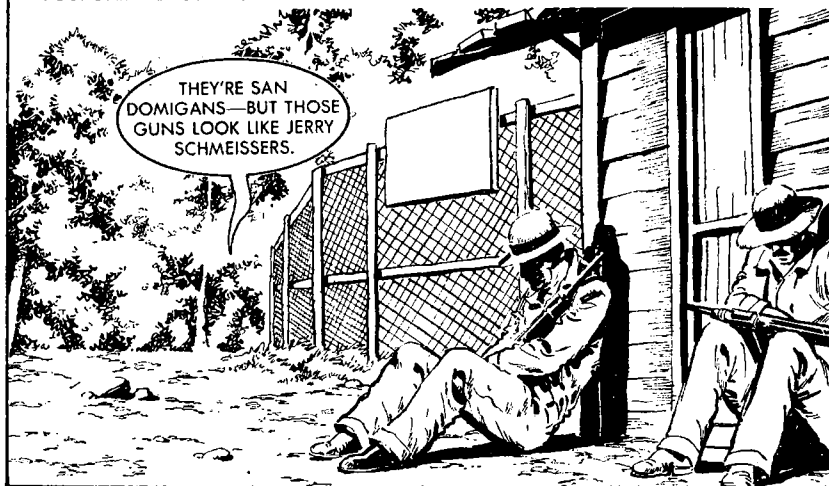
WHEN THEY DREW NEAR THE COAST AND THE PLANTATION, PEPE SUGGESTED THEY SHOULD CONTINUE ON FOOT.



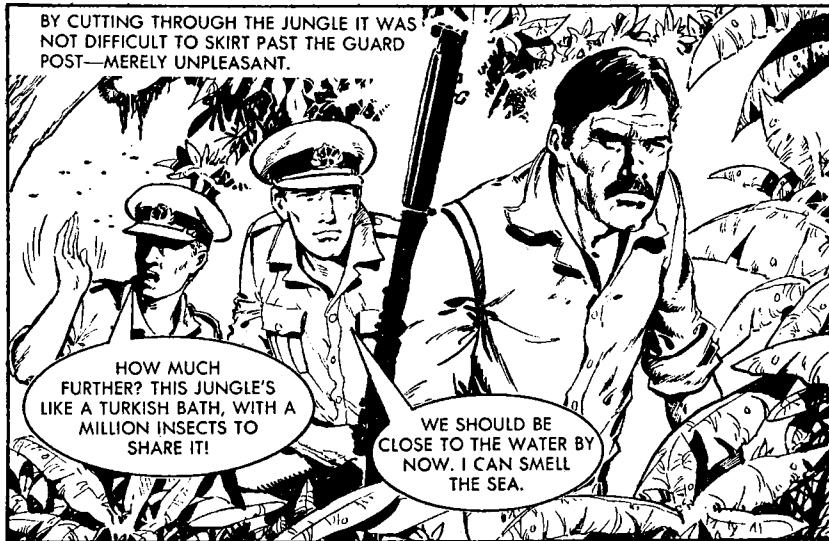
THIS JEEP, SHE MAKE MUCH NOISE.

HE'S RIGHT, LEN. WE DON'T WANT TO LET EVERYONE KNOW WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

THEY HID THE JEEP AND WALKED—WHICH WAS JUST AS WELL, FOR THE PLANTATION BOUNDARY FENCE WAS WELL GUARDED.



BY CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO SKIRT PAST THE GUARD POST—MERELY UNPLEASANT.



EVENTUALLY THEY REACHED THE SEA.

THERE ARE
NO SHIPS ABOUT OR
WE'D SEE THEM
FROM HERE.

BUT THERE'S
A CAMP. MUST BE
THE PLANTATION
BUILDINGS.

THEY APPROACHED THE BUILDINGS CAUTIOUSLY, SINCE THE JEEP PARKED OUTSIDE
INDICATED THAT SOMEONE WAS AROUND.

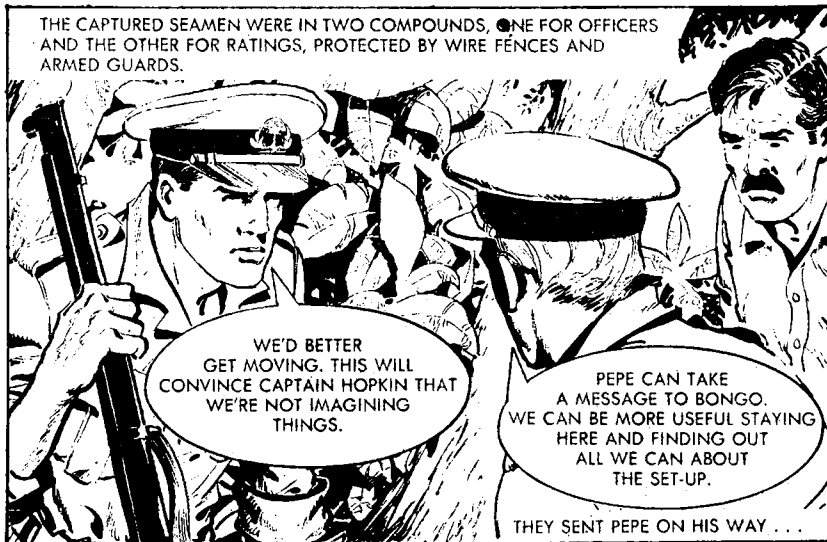
WE WERE RIGHT
—HE MUST BE WAITING
FOR A SHIP TO ARRIVE. HE'S
PROBABLY DECIDED TO GET OUT
OF SAN DOMIGO BEFORE THE
POLICE CATCH UP
WITH HIM.

WE'LL HAVE TO
NOTIFY CAPTAIN HOPKIN
RIGHT AWAY. LET'S TAKE A
LOOK AT THE REST
OF THE CAMP . . .

TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT, TWO LARGE COMPOUNDS BEYOND THE PLANTATION BUILDINGS HELD A NUMBER OF PRISONERS.



THE CAPTURED SEAMEN WERE IN TWO COMPOUNDS, ONE FOR OFFICERS AND THE OTHER FOR RATINGS, PROTECTED BY WIRE FENCES AND ARMED GUARDS.



... WHILE LEN EXPLAINED TO THE DUBIOUS JIMMY.

LISTEN, IF
WE RELEASE THE
PRISONERS WE CAN TAKE
OVER THE CAMP BEFORE
ANY SHIPS ARRIVE.

YOU'RE CRAZY!
WE'VE GOT TWO RIFLES
AND A PISTOL AND THAT CAMP'S
GUARDED BY TRAINED
JERRY SAULORS.

LEN ARGUED THAT THE GUARDS WERE THERE
TO KEEP THE PRISONERS IN, NOT TO KEEP
OTHER PEOPLE OUT.

WE COULD GET
IN AFTER DARK EASY.
THOSE SHUTTERS ON THE HUTS
OPEN FROM THE OUTSIDE,
YOU CAN SEE THE
BOLTS.

WHY DO I
ALWAYS LET YOU
TALK ME INTO
TROUBLE?

THE GUARDS, AS LEN HAD EXPECTED, WERE NOT VERY ALERT. THE TWO FRIENDS WRIGGLED CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE OFFICERS' COMPOUND.

THOSE CHARACTERS
WOULDN'T NOTICE IF WE
DROVE A LORRY INTO
THE COMPOUND!

KEEP YOUR
VOICE DOWN, THEY MIGHT
NOT BE DEAF!

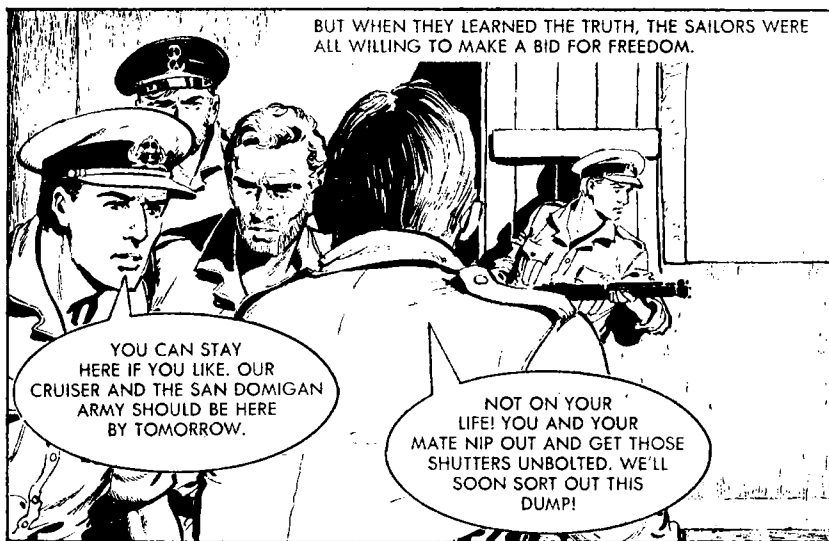
UNBOLTING A SHUTTER WELL AWAY FROM THE TWO GUARDS, JIMMY DROPPED IN WITH LEN CLOSE BEHIND HIM. AND THE PRISONERS WERE RUDELY AWAKENED.



HOPING THE GUARDS WOULD NOT NOTICE THE UNBOLTED SHUTTER, THEY HURRIEDLY EXPLAINED THE SITUATION TO THE STARTLED PRISONERS WHO SEEMED TO BE UNDER THE COMMAND OF JOHN THOMSON, A GRUFF, EXPERIENCED CAPTAIN.



BUT WHEN THEY LEARNED THE TRUTH, THE SAILORS WERE ALL WILLING TO MAKE A BID FOR FREEDOM.



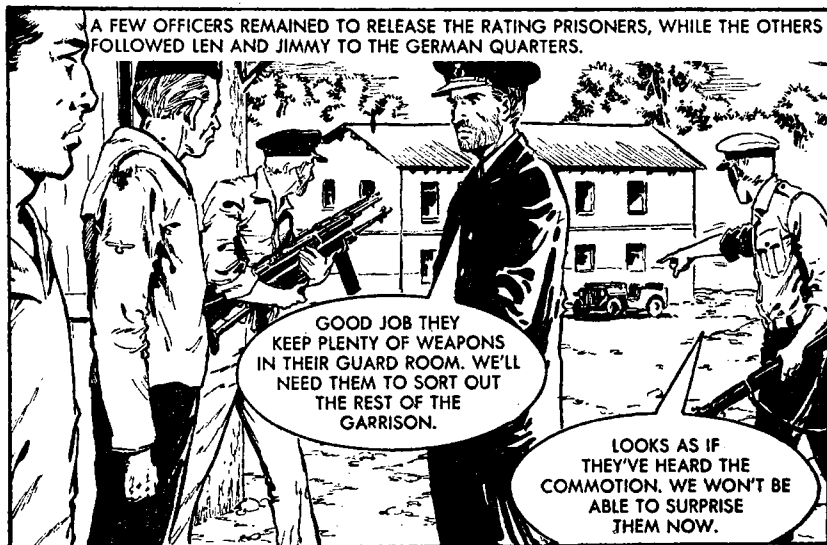
JIMMY AND LEN UNBOLTED ALL THE SHUTTERS. THE SIGNAL WAS GIVEN AND SUDDENLY THE MERCHANT NAVY OFFICERS BURST OUT OF THEIR PRISON.



THE STARTLED GERMANS HAD NO CHANCE TO USE THEIR GUNS. IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THEY WERE OVERPOWERED.



A FEW OFFICERS REMAINED TO RELEASE THE RATING PRISONERS, WHILE THE OTHERS FOLLOWED LEN AND JIMMY TO THE GERMAN QUARTERS.



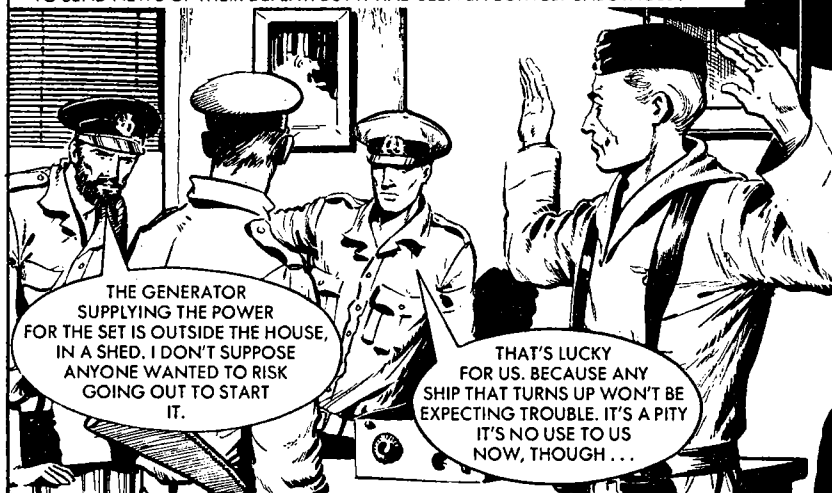
THE DOZEN OR SO GERMANS STILL AT LARGE WERE ALL IN THE PLANTATION HOUSE, WHICH WAS SOON SURROUNDED.



AFTER A BRIEF EXCHANGE OF FIRE THE GERMANS SURRENDERED, KNOWING THEY HAD NO HOPE OF ESCAPE.



FORTUNATELY THE GERMANS HAD BEEN UNABLE TO USE THEIR WIRELESS IN ORDER TO SEND NEWS OF THEIR DEFEAT. BUT IT HAD BEEN EFFECTIVELY SABOTAGED.



BUT THERE WAS MORE NEWS FOR THEM TO PONDER OVER NOW.



BUT EVEN LEN WAS NOT AMBITIOUS ENOUGH TO THINK THEY COULD CAPTURE THE BOGUS DALEN, IF IT TURNED UP.



TO JIMMY'S SURPRISE, THE MERCHANT NAVY OFFICER KNEW OF NO BATTLE CRUISER.

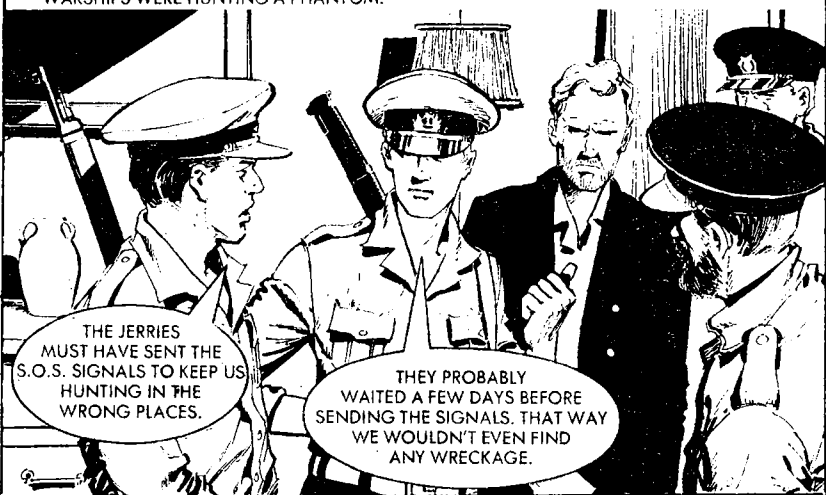


HE EXPLAINED HOW THE APPARENTLY HARMLESS SHIP HAD FIRED TORPEDOES FROM TUBES IN HER HULL BELOW THE WATERLINE.



AT THE SAME TIME, HER GUNNERS HAD SILENCED THE BRITISH WIRELESS WITH A WELL-PLACED SHELL.


SUDDENLY JIMMY UNDERSTOOD—THERE WAS NO ENEMY BATTLE CRUISER. THE BRITISH WARSHIPS WERE HUNTING A PHANTOM.



THE JERRIES
MUST HAVE SENT THE
S.O.S. SIGNALS TO KEEP US
HUNTING IN THE
WRONG PLACES.

THEY PROBABLY
WAITED A FEW DAYS BEFORE
SENDING THE SIGNALS. THAT WAY
WE WOULDN'T EVEN FIND
ANY WRECKAGE.

IT WAS IMPORTANT TO WARN CAPTAIN HOPKIN OF THE RUSE, IN CASE HE INTERCEPTED THE ENEMY SHIP.



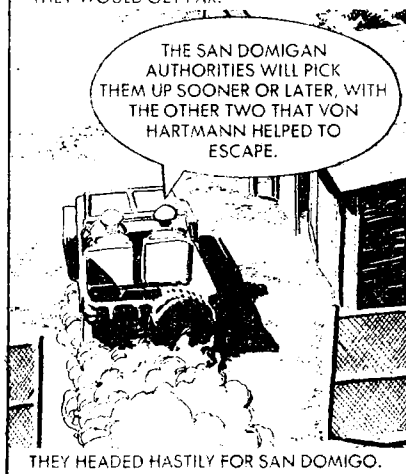
HE WON'T KNOW
ABOUT THOSE UNDERWATER
TORPEDO TUBES, AND THE JERRIES
MIGHT CATCH HIM BY
SURPRISE.

RIGHT, I'LL
JUST TELL THE BLOKES WHAT
WE'RE PLANNING.

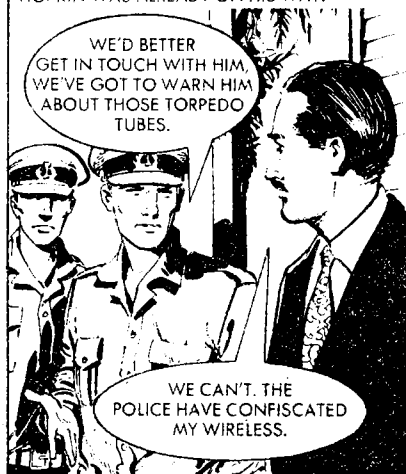
THE RELEASED PRISONERS AGREED TO WAIT UNTIL SOMEONE CAME TO PICK THEM UP, FOR THEY WERE IN NO FURTHER DANGER. AND THE TWO AIRMEN COMMANDEERED THE NAZI CONSUL'S JEEP



THE TWO GUARDS ON THE BOUNDARY FENCE HAD LONG SINCE FLED, NOT THAT THEY WOULD GET FAR.



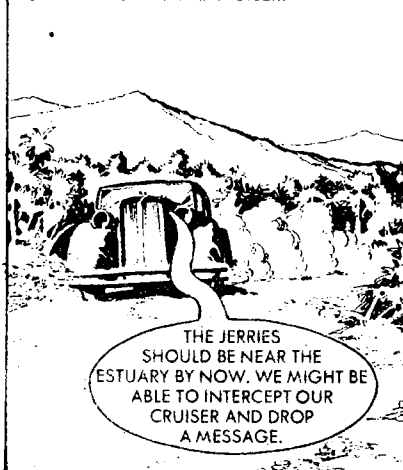
IN TOWN, BONGO LISTENED GRAVELY TO THEIR NEWS. THEN EXPLAINED THAT CAPTAIN HOPKIN WAS ALREADY ON HIS WAY.



BEFORE FLEEING, VON HARTMANN HAD MADE AN OFFICIAL COMPLAINT ON BEHALF OF HIS GOVERNMENT.



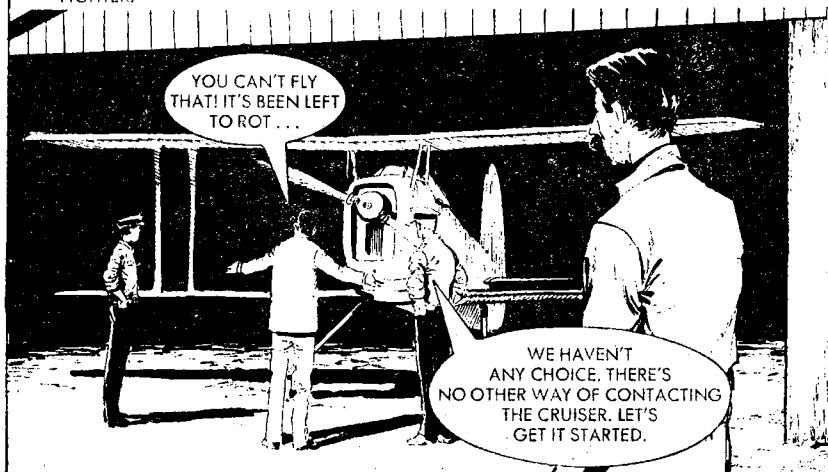
SUDDENLY JIMMY REMEMBERED THE DUKE'S AIRCRAFT, WHICH OFFERED THE ONLY WAY OF CONTACTING THE CRUISER.



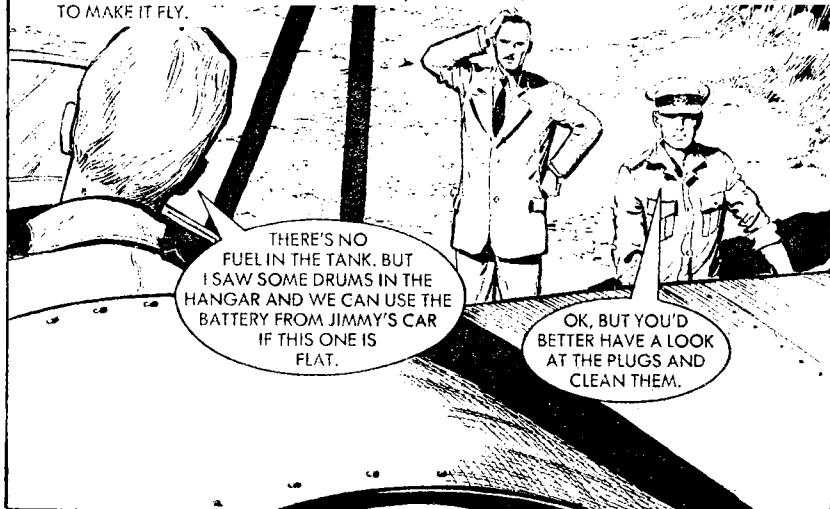
THEY REACHED THE DUKE'S HACIENDA, ONLY TO LEARN THAT HE HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS ILLNESS AND WAS AWAY ON A HUNTING TRIP.



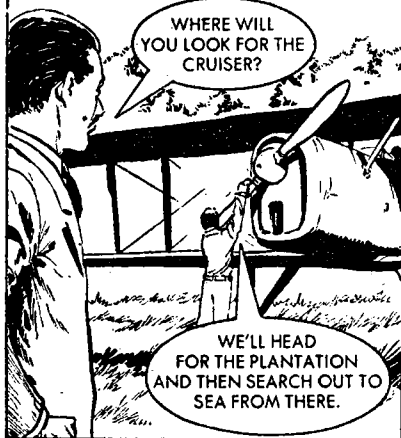
TO THEIR DISMAY, THE AIRCRAFT, AN AVRO CADRE WHICH HAD OBVIOUSLY NEVER BEEN PROPERLY LOOKED AFTER, MADE A FAIREY SEAFOX LOOK LIKE A HIGH-SPEED FIGHTER.



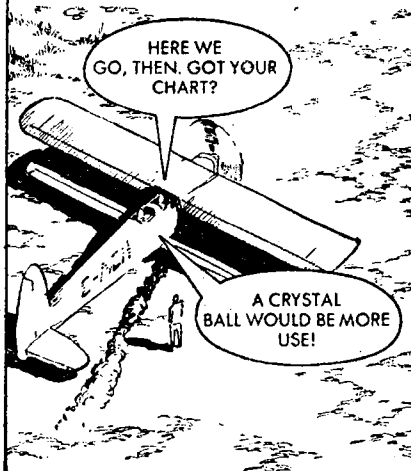
PUSHING THE DUSTY KITE INTO THE OPEN, THEY SET ABOUT THE HARD TASK OF TRYING TO MAKE IT FLY.



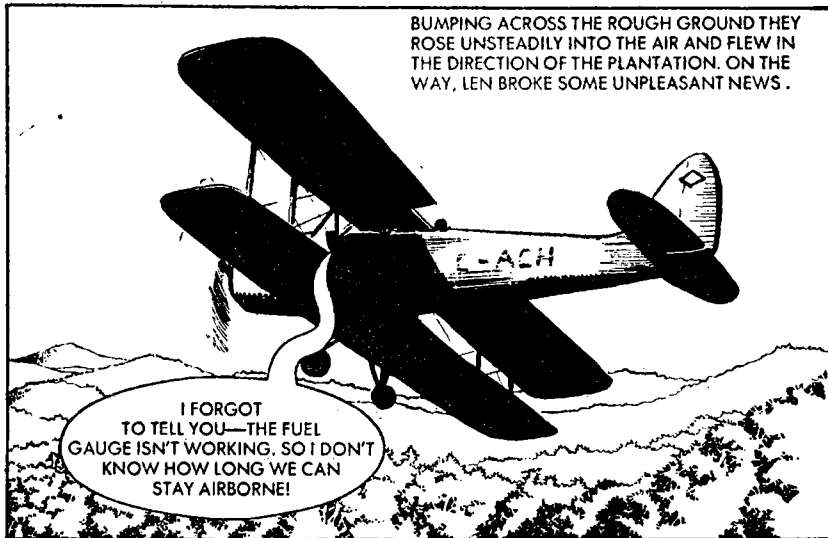
LUCKILY BONGO HAD A CHART OF THE COASTLINE IN HIS CAR, AND THE AIRCRAFT WAS FITTED WITH A COMPASS.



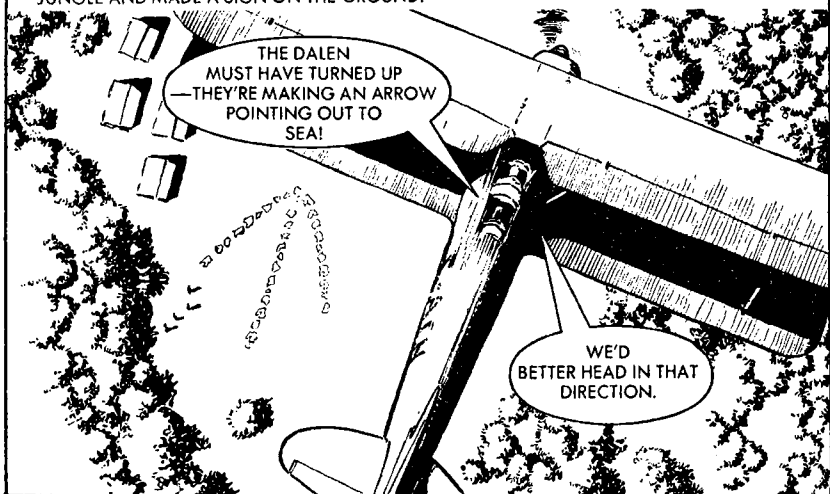
DESPITE ITS AGE, THE ENGINE FIRED, AND RAN ROUGHLY WITH THICK SMOKE BELCHING OUT FROM THE EXHAUST.



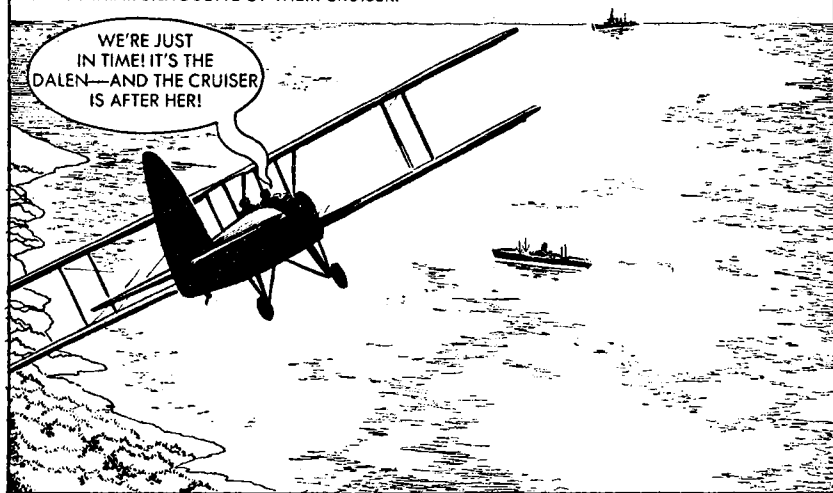
BUMPING ACROSS THE ROUGH GROUND THEY ROSE UNSTEADILY INTO THE AIR AND FLEW IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PLANTATION. ON THE WAY, LEN BROKE SOME UNPLEASANT NEWS.



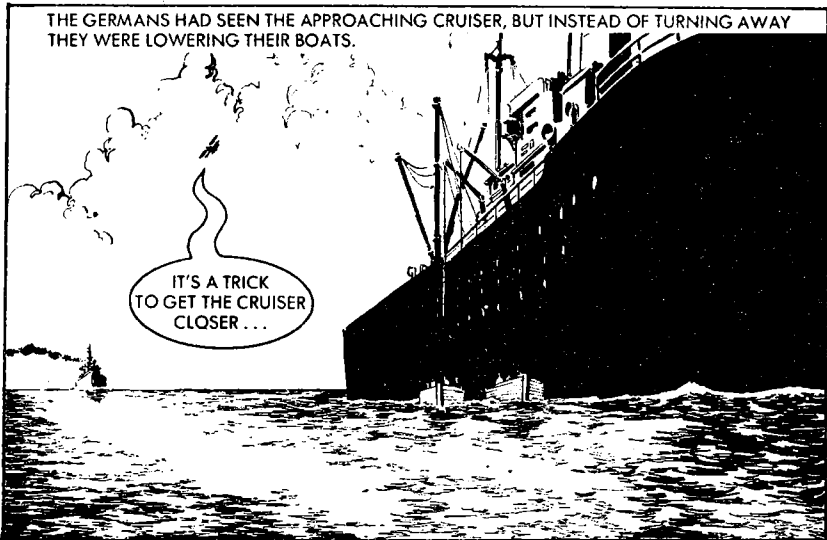
AS THE LITTLE PLANE FLEW OVER THE PLANTATION, THE EX-PRISONERS APPEARED FROM THE JUNGLE AND MADE A SIGN ON THE GROUND.



HEADING OUT TO SEA, THEY SPOTTED A SHIP IN THE DISTANCE. AND BEYOND IT THE FAMILIAR SILHOUETTE OF THEIR CRUISER.

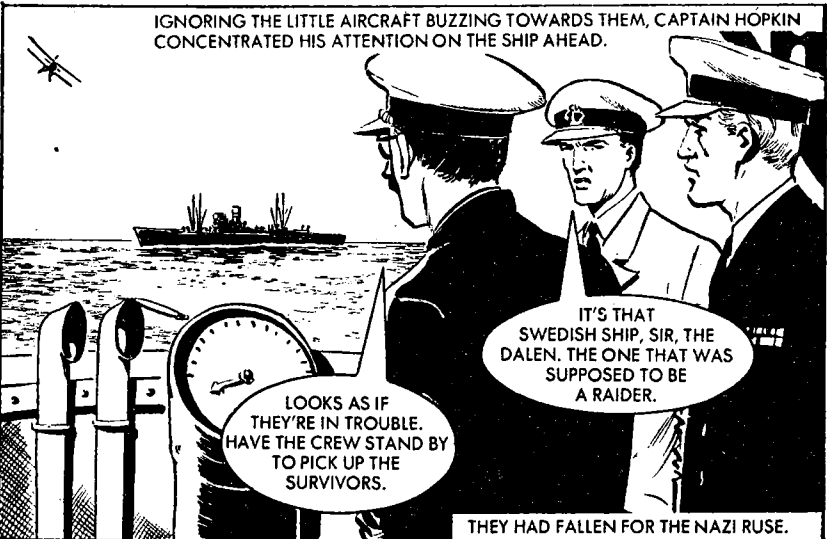


THE GERMANS HAD SEEN THE APPROACHING CRUISER, BUT INSTEAD OF TURNING AWAY THEY WERE LOWERING THEIR BOATS.



IT'S A TRICK
TO GET THE CRUISER
CLOSER...

IGNORING THE LITTLE AIRCRAFT BUZZING TOWARDS THEM, CAPTAIN HOPKIN CONCENTRATED HIS ATTENTION ON THE SHIP AHEAD.




LOOKS AS IF
THEY'RE IN TROUBLE.
HAVE THE CREW STAND BY
TO PICK UP THE
SURVIVORS.

IT'S THAT
SWEDISH SHIP, SIR, THE
DALEN. THE ONE THAT WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE
A RAIDER.

THEY HAD FALLEN FOR THE NAZI RUSE.


FAILING IN HIS ATTEMPT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION, LEN DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO WARN THE CRUISER.



WE'LL DITCH
BESIDE THEM—THEY'RE
BOUND TO STOP AND PICK
US UP.

I HOPE YOU'RE
RIGHT—DON'T FORGET WE
HAVEN'T ANY LIFE-JACKETS.
AND THERE ARE PLENTY
OF SHARKS DOWN
THERE!

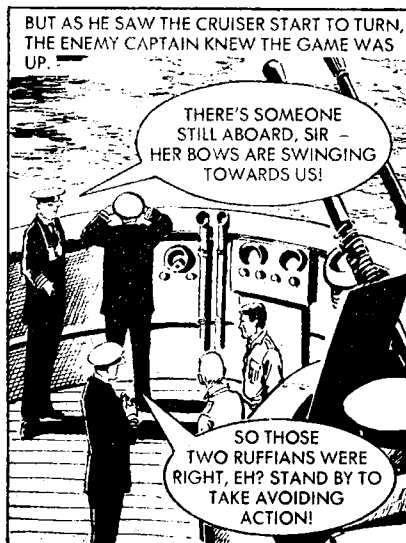
SELECTING A POINT AHEAD OF THE CRUISER, LEN DITCHED THE BIPLANE GENTLY HOPING IT WOULD FLOAT.



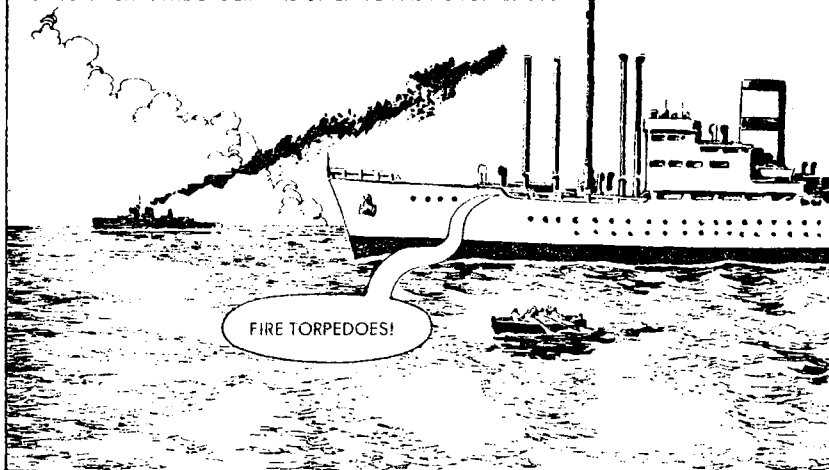
THEY SEEM
TO BE IN SOME SORT
OF UNIFORM, SIR. PROBABLY
THE SAN DOMIGAN
AIR FORCE.

CONFOUNDED
IDIOTS! SEND A BOAT
TO PICK THEM UP.

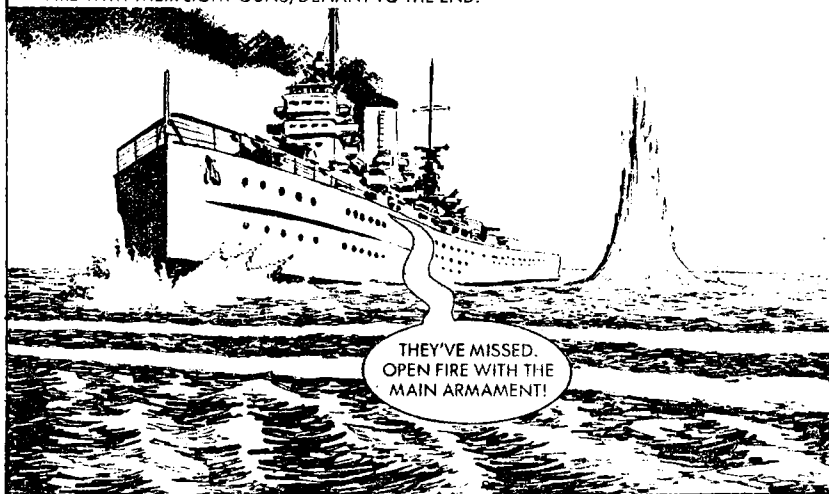
THE MOMENT THEY WERE ON BOARD, JIMMY AND LEN DASHED FOR THE BRIDGE TO EXPLAIN, AND THEIR APPEARANCE WAS GREETED WITH SHOCKED DISMAY.



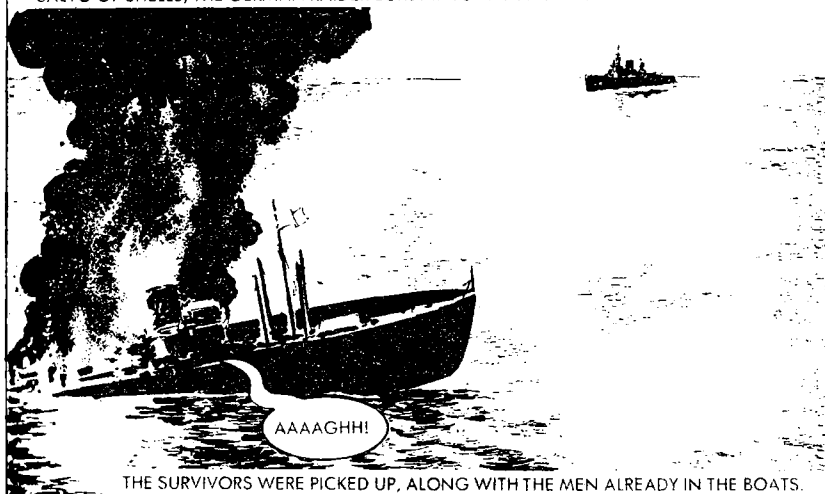
A SKELETON CREW HAD INDEED STAYED BEHIND ON THE RAIDER, AND AS A BATTLE ENSIGN WAS RAISED ABOVE THE BOGUS SWEDISH SHIP, THE ORDER WAS GIVEN TO FIRE ITS TORPEDOES.



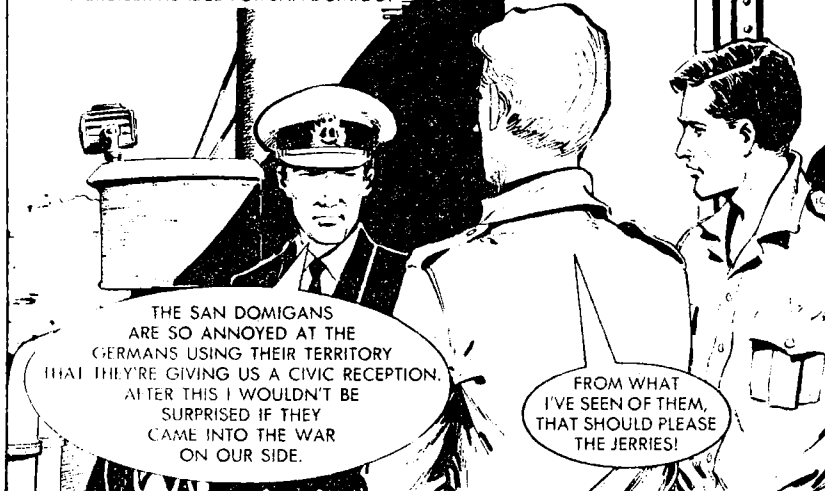
AS THE TORPEDOES SLID PAST THEIR FAST-MOVING TARGET, THE GERMANS OPENED FIRE WITH THEIR LIGHT GUNS, DEFIANT TO THE END.



THE BATTLE WAS SOON OVER, FOR THE CRUISER HAD EVERY ADVANTAGE. HIT BY A RAPID SALVO OF SHELLS, THE GERMAN RAIDER BURST INTO FIRE AND BEGAN TO SINK.



AFTER COLLECTING THE MERCHANT SEAMEN FROM THE VON HARTMANN PLANTATION, THE CRUISER HEADED FOR SAN DOMIGO.



THE BRITISH SHIP SAILED INTO THE HARBOUR, AND TO SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE, THE SOUTH AMERICANS PRESENTED CAPTAIN HOPKIN WITH A LLAMA.



THE ADMIRALTY PRESENTED THE DUKE WITH A NEW AIRCRAFT, TO REPLACE THE ONE HE LOST. AS THEY WATCHED, JIMMY SYMPATHISED WITH BONGO.



WHEN LEN AND JIMMY WERE AWARDED THE SAN DOMIGAN ORDER OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE, SECOND CLASS, EVEN CAPTAIN HOPKIN WAS FORCED TO ADMIT THAT AIRCRAFT HAD THEIR USES. AND TO THEIR DELIGHT HE HAD THEM POSTED TO A CARRIER.

HE WAS
QUITE A GOOD
BLOKE, REALLY.

YES, BUT HE
DIDN'T HAVE TO
TELL OUR NEW CAPTAIN
THAT WE'VE GOT MORE EXPERIENCE
OF DITCHING THAN ANY
OTHER CREW IN
THE NAVY!

Commando
THE END

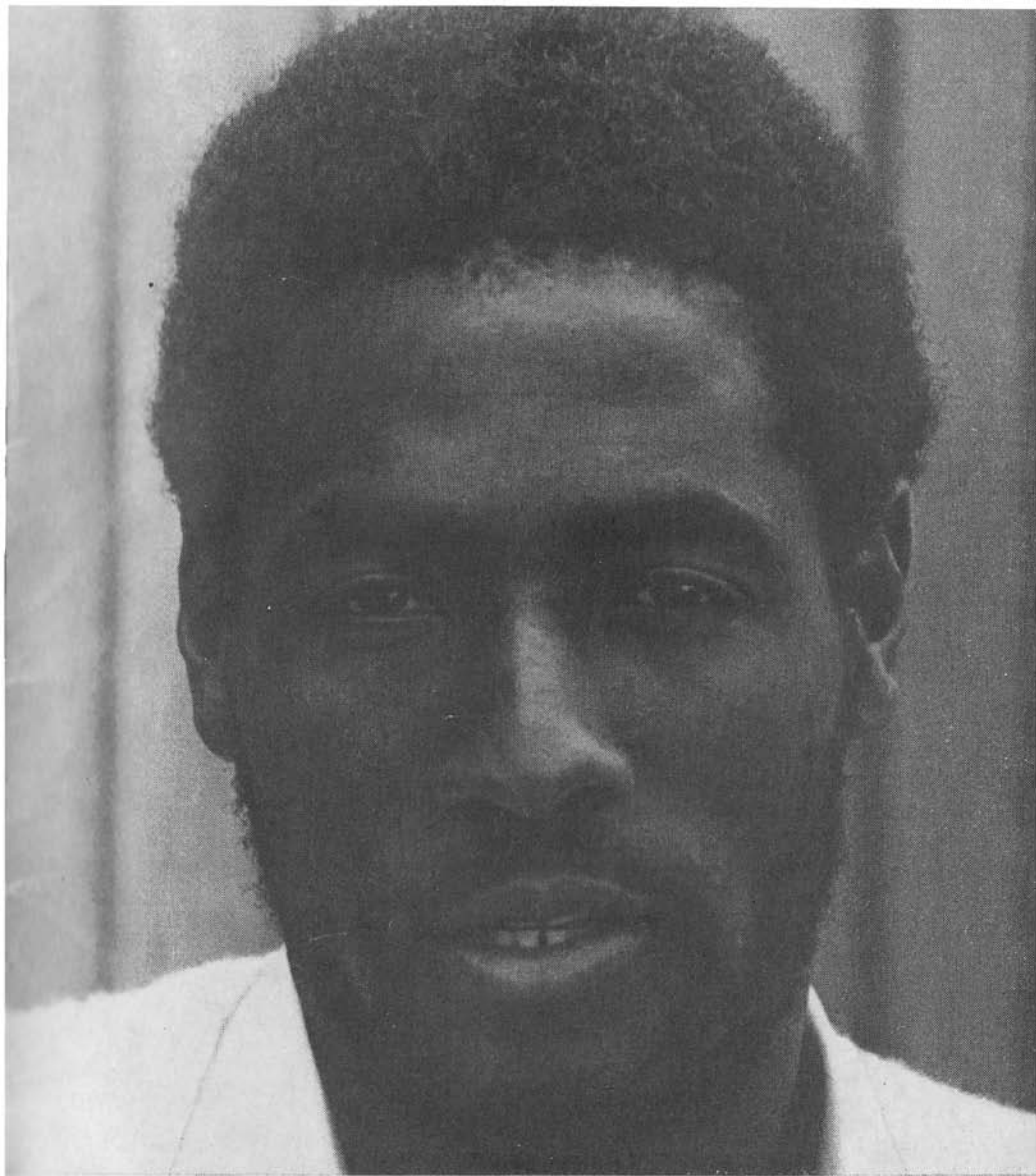
Answers to Sky-High Quiz No.7

31—Consolidated Catalina. 32—Messerschmitt 262. 33—Hawker Hurricane. 34—Armstrong Whitworth Whitley. 35—Gloster Gladiator.

Commando *PACKS A REAL PUNCH!*



**THESE
FOUR
LATEST
BOOKS
ARE A
KNOCKOUT!
DON'T
MISS 'EM!
THEY'RE
ON SALE
RIGHT
NOW!**



Stars of Cricket – Viv Richards

RAISE THE ALARM!

A RIGHT pair of practical jokers they were. Len Potter, a Fleet Air Arm pilot, and Jimmy Cross his navigator. Always ready for a laugh. Anything to brighten life up a bit.

Well, right now they had very little to laugh about. They'd been shot down in the South Atlantic, their seaplane wouldn't last for long, and they were more than a hundred miles from the nearest land.

 **Commando**

